

Barbara
Thompson

Calling All GIRLS

Largest Circulation
Magazine For Girls

September 1943

10c
100

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**FLYING
NURSE**

A True
Picture Story

**COMICS
STORIES**

Movies

*Gadgets
Good
Looks
Etiquette
Things to Do*

Special
Back-To-School
FASHIONS



WHAT TO DO *on meatless Tuesday*

Everybody can do without a few favorite dishes, so the Army and Navy can get what they need. Matter of fact, it's a good idea to whip out your bottle of Dura-Gloss and take your mind off food and the War. Just give yourself a manicure with this swell nail polish that makes fingers so pretty, and you'll feel much better. Dura-Gloss contains a special ingredient* that makes it stay on well, and it's only 10¢. Lorr Laboratories, founded by E. T. Reynolds, 200 Godwin Ave., Paterson, N. J.

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DURA-GLOSS NAIL POLISH

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10¢ PLUS
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FLYING NURSE



THE TRUE STORY OF
LIEUTENANT ELSIE OTT,
NURSE OF THE U.S.
ARMY AIR FORCES

IN JANUARY, 1942, AT FORT STOREY, VIRGINIA ...

ELSIE OTT!
WHEN DID YOU
JOIN THE ARMY?

LAST SEPTEMBER.
NOW THAT WE'RE
IN THE WAR, I'VE
VOLUNTEERED FOR
OVERSEAS DUTY.



A FEW MONTHS LATER, ELSIE ARRIVED AT A
DESERT HOSPITAL AT KARACHI, INDIA.

HERE COME THE
AMERICAN NURSES TO
TAKE OVER FOR US!



FOR EIGHT MONTHS, ELSIE WORKED AT THE
INDIAN BASE. THEN ONE DAY...

LIEUTENANT OTT, THE
COMMANDING OFFICER
WANTS TO SEE YOU.

I'LL BE
RIGHT
THERE



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ELSIE'S PATIENTS DEMANDED CONSTANT ATTENTION, SHE HAD NO TIME TO BE SICK!



HE'S IN PAIN
AND I MUST BE
CAREFUL OF THE DRUGS
I GIVE AT THIS
ALTITUDE.

WE'LL TRAVEL BY DAY
AND STOP AT NIGHT
SO YOU CAN GET
PROPER REST AND FOOD.



OVER AFRICA...



THERE'S A
HERD OF WILD
BUFFALO!

YOU SEE
EVERYTHING IN
THIS COUNTRY
FROM ANTELOPES
TO ZEBRAS.

IT'S VERY KIND
OF YOU TO HELP
ME UNLOAD MY
PATIENTS FOR
THE NIGHT.

YOU'RE ONLY THE
FOURTH WHITE
WOMAN WE'VE
SEEN SINCE WE'VE
BEEN HERE. WE'RE
GLAD TO HELP!



AFTER THREE DAYS OF TRAVEL THEY WERE AT
AN AIRPORT ON THE WEST COAST OF AFRICA.

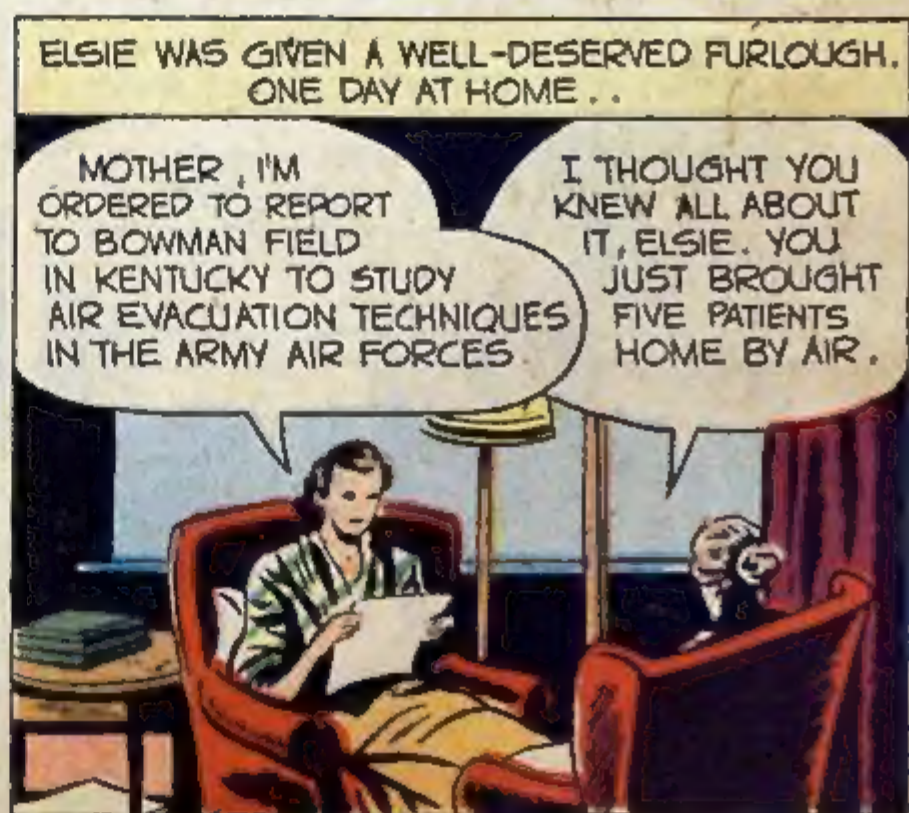


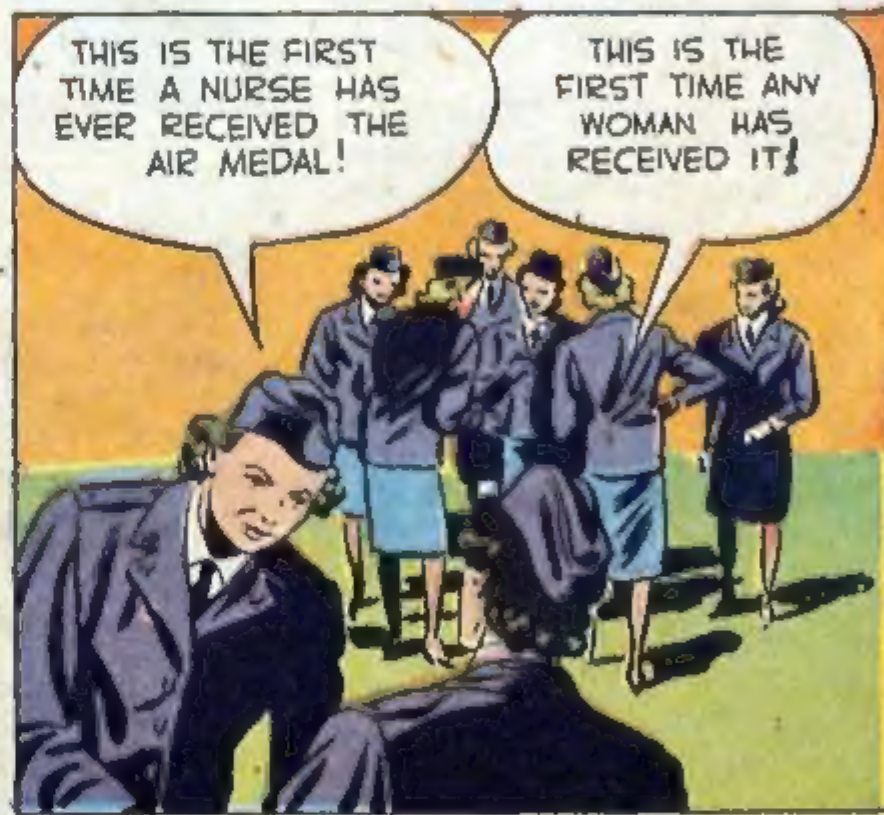
THIS LIBERATOR
BOMBER IS GOING TO
TAKE US ACROSS THE
ATLANTIC!

BE CAREFUL, WE
HAVE NEVER CARRIED
PATIENTS BEFORE
IN THESE PLANES.

HERE ARE THE MEDICAL
SUPPLIES. I HAD TO
COVER THE STERILE
DRESSINGS WITH A
PAPER BAG, ALL WE
HAVE.







Sherry strikes a **NEW NOTE**

Sherry said she wanted a nice quiet picnic, but Lois knew that things didn't stay quiet for very long when Sherry was involved

By **RAOUL WHITFIELD**

Author of "Silver Wings" and "Danger Zone"

THE full-moon face of Wong grinned at Sherry as the Chinese cook turned away from the big fireplace.

"Later—she get cold," Wong said cheerfully. "You come back from picnic — house warm."

Sherry chuckled. "That fire is for Bill," she told the Chinese. "You can't fool me. He's getting lazy in his old age."

Behind her she heard her father strike a match for his pipe. "Hi, small fry," he greeted, as she faced him. "I may be getting old, but you were the one who was snoring while I was working in the lab this morning."

Sherry's brown eyes twinkled. She stood very straight, tall for her age.

Her father said, "I saw Lois coming along the lower trail. She should be here any second. Is the lunch all packed?"

Sherry nodded. "And I got hungry—just looking at it."

Bill Lee grinned. "It's pretty rough out on the lake. It'll be cold on Sand Dune Island." His voice held a peculiar expression. "I see 'by the local paper that this Dick Keene, the 'Tarzan of the South Seas,' is around here somewhere, camping and fishing."

Sherry felt a faint flush creeping over her face. But she tried to make her words appear disinterested.

"Is he?" she said.

But she saw right away that her father was not fooled. He grinned broadly at her.

"All right, foxy."

"He has a good pair of lungs—like you. In fact, I think you



Suddenly Sherry threw back her head, and the famous South Seas victory cry of Dick Keene came from her throat.

do an imitation of him, don't you, chickadee?"

Sherry grinned back at her father. "Yep," she replied. "And good."

Bill Lee grunted. "You're a roughneck," he muttered. "But that's all right—just so long as you can get out of the trouble you get into."

Lois called from outside the house. "Hey, Sherry—you awake?"

"Watch yourself — getting over to the island and back," said Bill. "Put-Put's pretty old and feeble. I'll rig up a new engine for you when I finish this war stuff I'm working on." He waved a hand, was gone.

"Well—I'll grab the eats," said Sherry. "Let's go! A quiet little picnic lunch on Sand

Dune Island sounds wonderful."

Lois sniffed. "Quiet? With you? When you're around funny things have a way of happening."

"Just luck—just the breaks," Sherry replied, and led the way from the room.

A door slammed somewhere behind them, in the rising wind. Outside, the tall pines were swaying, making the slow, swish sound that Sherry loved to hear.

"You certainly picked a swell day for a picnic!" Lois called to Sherry, who was leading the way down trail toward the dock and the boat.

Sherry bobbed her head. "Sure—it's more fun this way. Now, if we had a sail . . ."

Behind her, Lois groaned.

"We'll stick to the outboard motor," she said firmly. "It's bad enough."

They reached the dock. It took almost five minutes to get going, but that wasn't unusual. They hugged the south shore for the first half mile, then headed out toward Sand Dune Island, almost in the center of the lake.

The boat had a lot of motion, and spray came over the side as they reached the halfway point. Sherry was steering and watching Lois, who faced her with her back to the bow. Sherry grinned at her pal, whose face was wet with the spray.

"More than halfway across, Lois!" she shouted cheerfully against the sound of wind and water. "Is that lunch keeping dry?"

Lois groaned. "The lunch is all right—but I'm getting a bath."

It grew calmer as they neared the sandy shore on the lee side of Sand Dune Island. With the back of a browned hand Sherry wiped the spray from her eyes.

"That wasn't so bad. We'll have good appetites."

Lois forced a smile. The water was deep right up to the shore of the island; they had no trouble pulling the boat out,

after tilting the Put-Put's propeller. The lunch basket was in Lois' hands; she stood looking doubtfully at the rolling dunes of sand. Sherry stretched, lifting her slender arms high above her head.

"Pick the spot," Lois said rather grimly. "Before the rain comes down in buckets. It's your picnic!"

Sherry looked toward the sky, which was an ugly gray.

"The wind's shifting," she told Lois. "It's getting around to the north. That means those sand dunes won't give us protection very long. The wind will be from the lake. Let's eat right here, by the boat."

"Check!" Lois moved toward Sherry, who had found a level spot on the white sand not far from the Put-Put. She spread the tablecloth, putting sand on the corners to hold it down. Rain blew against her face as she finished setting out the food.

"Come and get it!" Lois called against the wind. "It'll be soaked in a few minutes. You sure picked a honey of a day!"

Sherry dropped down on the sand beside Lois.

"Honey!" she breathed ec-

statically. "Hope it tastes as good as it did the last time."

The waves were crashing against the island. Lois spoke slowly.

"This is going to be a storm. A real one."

Sherry sank her even, white teeth into a ham-on-rye sandwich.

"So what?" she demanded in a happy voice. "We won't starve through it, anyway."

Sherry swallowed the last bite of chocolate cake, tossed a handful of sand to one side and got suddenly to her feet. She pointed a finger dramatically at Lois, who was half sprawled on the sand, then lifted her arms above her head. In her tight-fitting beachcomber sweater she seemed very tall and slender.



The stranger's eyes moved to Sherry. "And you'll be in worse trouble, if you don't do what I say," he warned thickly.

"I am Kalaa—ruler of this island!" she announced dramatically and loudly. "I am king of the pearl divers—no human shall question my word!"

She threw back her head, and the famous South Sea victory cry of Dick Keene came from her throat. It was a strong cry; the wind carried it over the sand dunes. She repeated it.

Lois clapped her hands appreciatively. "Nice work, Sherry," she said. "The movies haven't had you as a customer for nothing. That sounded just like Keene."

Sherry grinned. Then she started acting again.

"We will go to the tribal house," she announced loudly, standing very straight with her arms folded. "Once there, we will call the whole tribe. We will make big magic and . . ."

She broke off abruptly. Her eyes widened, staring past Lois.

A huge figure had come over the rolling sand dunes, was slowly lurching toward the two of them. The man was unshaven and he was breathing heavily. But in his right hand he gripped something that held Sherry's eyes. A gun!

Lois, seeing Sherry's expression, cried out, "What's the trouble?"

She turned, saw the advancing hulk of the man, scrambled to her feet. The stranger halted, swaying a little.

"Take it easy," he warned in a thick voice. "If you don't want to get hurt . . ."

Sherry tried to keep her voice steady. She said, "What's the matter—are you in trouble?"

The big man's eyes were on Lois. "Sit down," he ordered. "Yeah—I'm in trouble." His eyes moved to Sherry's slim figure. "And you'll be in worse trouble, if you don't do what I

say—and no funny business!" Sherry stood motionless, her eyes on the big hulk of a man. His eyes wandered to the boat. He gestured toward it with the gun.

"I can use that boat," he said thickly. "I got here in a row-boat, but I want to go faster." He narrowed his eyes on Sherry. "You run it?"

Sherry started to answer, then checked herself. The big man swayed toward her.

"Did you hear me? Can you run that . . ."

Sherry spoke swiftly, shakily. "Yes, I can run it," she said.

The big man halted again, only a few feet from them. He was smiling narrowly now, the gun held low at his right side.

"Good," he muttered. "You an' me—we'll be taking a little trip. You," he said, turning toward Lois, "you can stick here on the island."

Sherry spoke as calmly as she could. "There isn't much gas."

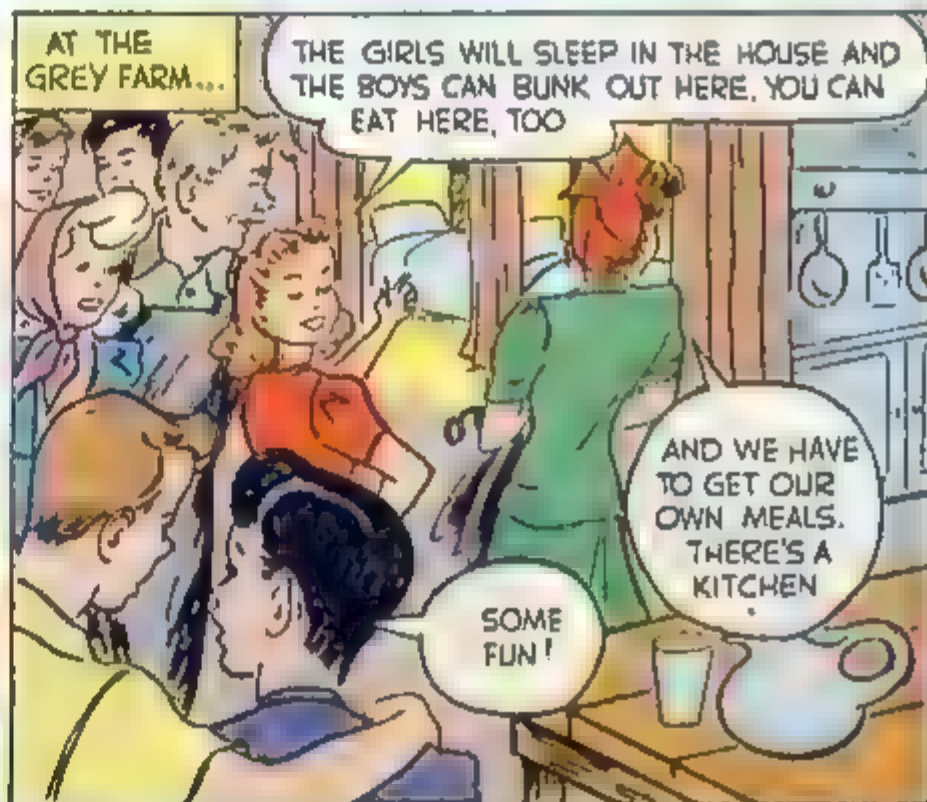
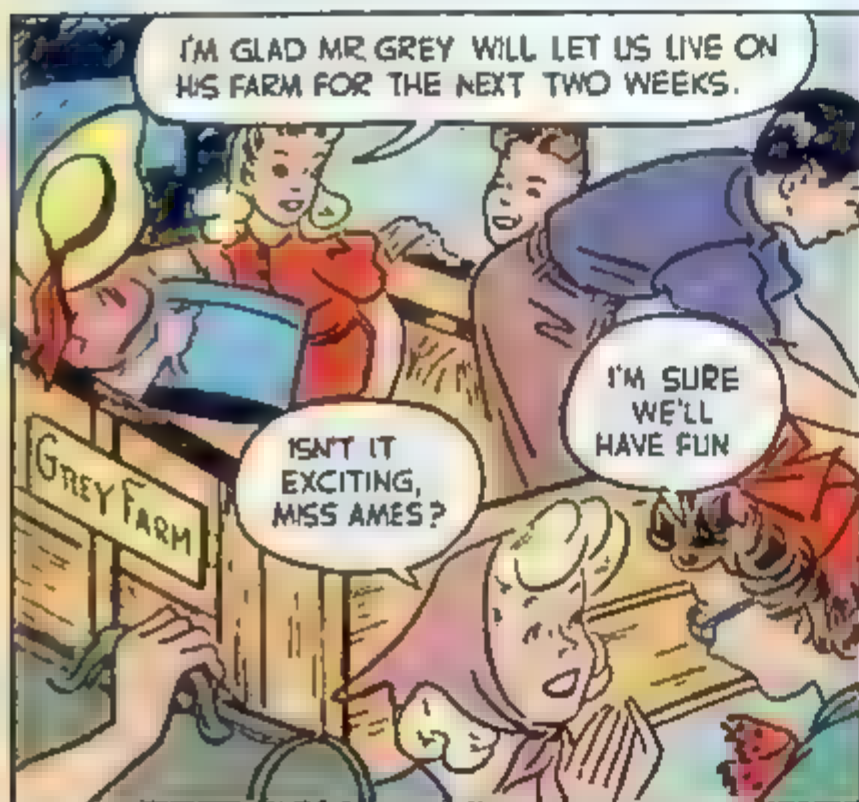
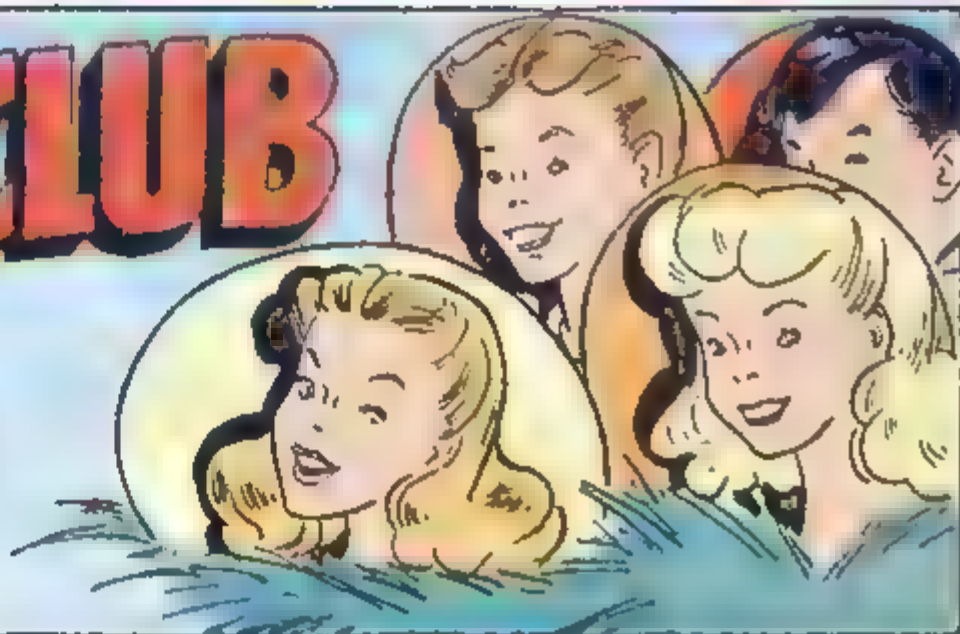
The big man cut in. "No tricks, kid! I got to go places. (Continued on page 38)



Lois had run back from the battle, but Sherry hadn't moved a step since the fight started. Then suddenly, still fighting fiercely, the men were rolling in the sand—rolling toward the water!

The VICTORY CLUB

GOOD EGGS



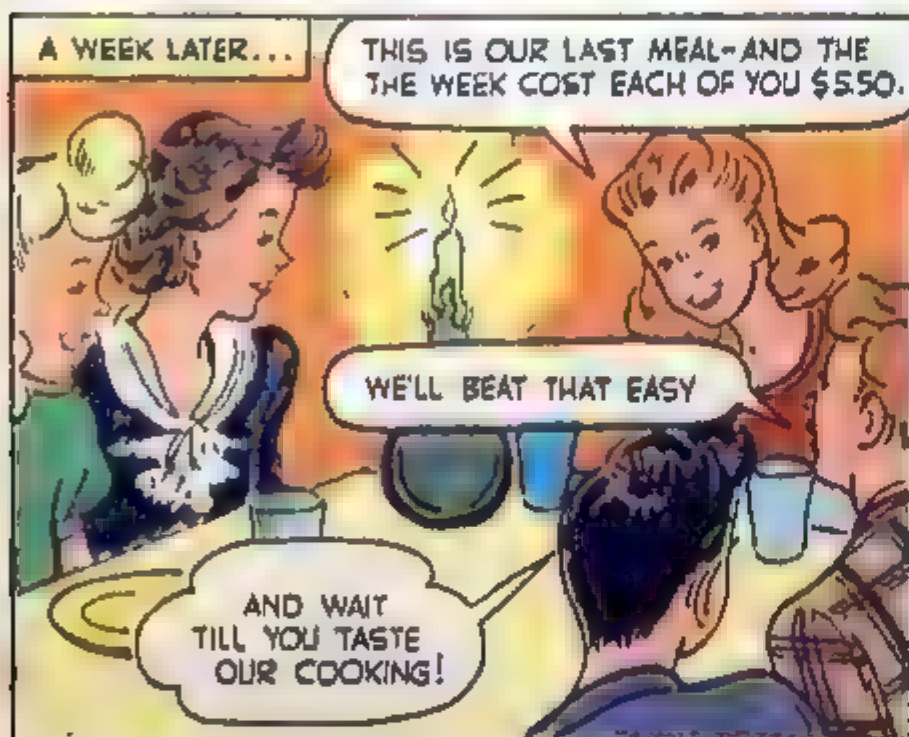


LET'S MAKE IT A CONTEST TO SEE WHO CAN GET THE BEST MEALS FOR THE LEAST COST.

SURE - WE'LL TAKE YOU UP ON THAT - AND BEAT YOU TOO



I DON'T KNOW WHAT WE'RE LETTING OURSELVES IN FOR - PROMISING TO EAT YOUR COOKING FOR A WEEK!

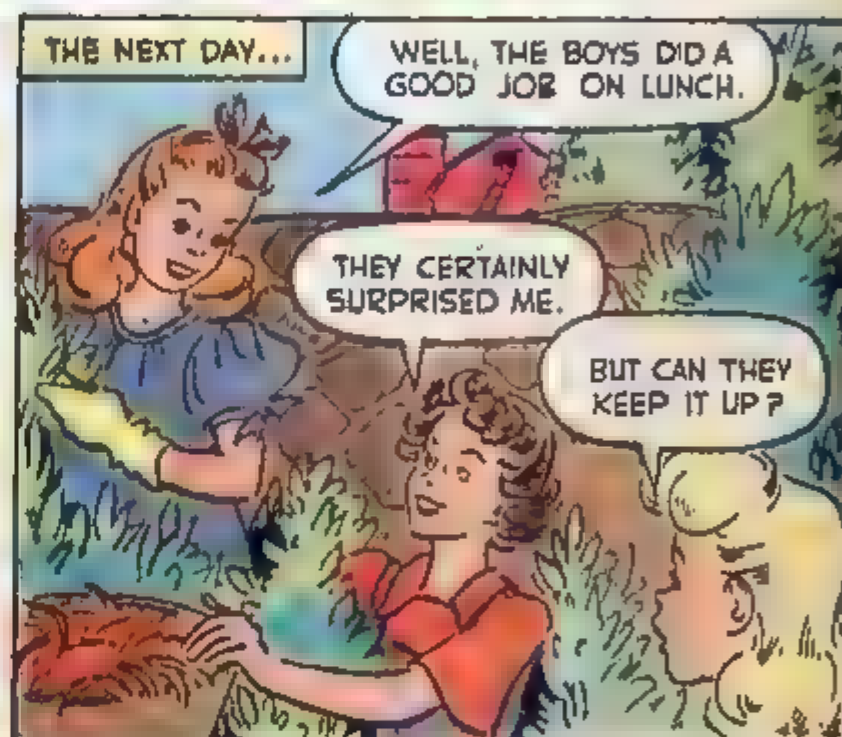


A WEEK LATER...

THIS IS OUR LAST MEAL - AND THE THE WEEK COST EACH OF YOU \$5.50.

WE'LL BEAT THAT EASY

AND WAIT TILL YOU TASTE OUR COOKING!



THE NEXT DAY...

WELL, THE BOYS DID A GOOD JOB ON LUNCH.

THEY CERTAINLY SURPRISED ME.

BUT CAN THEY KEEP IT UP?



THAT EVENING...

MAYBE THEY CAN KEEP IT UP SOUP, DEVILLED EGG SALAD, FRUIT, COOKIES, MILK - NOT BAD AT ALL.



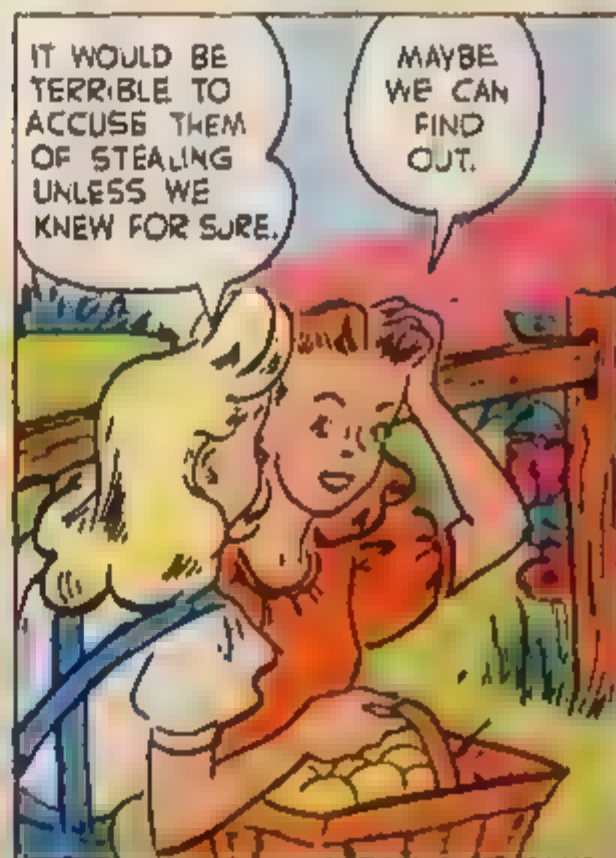
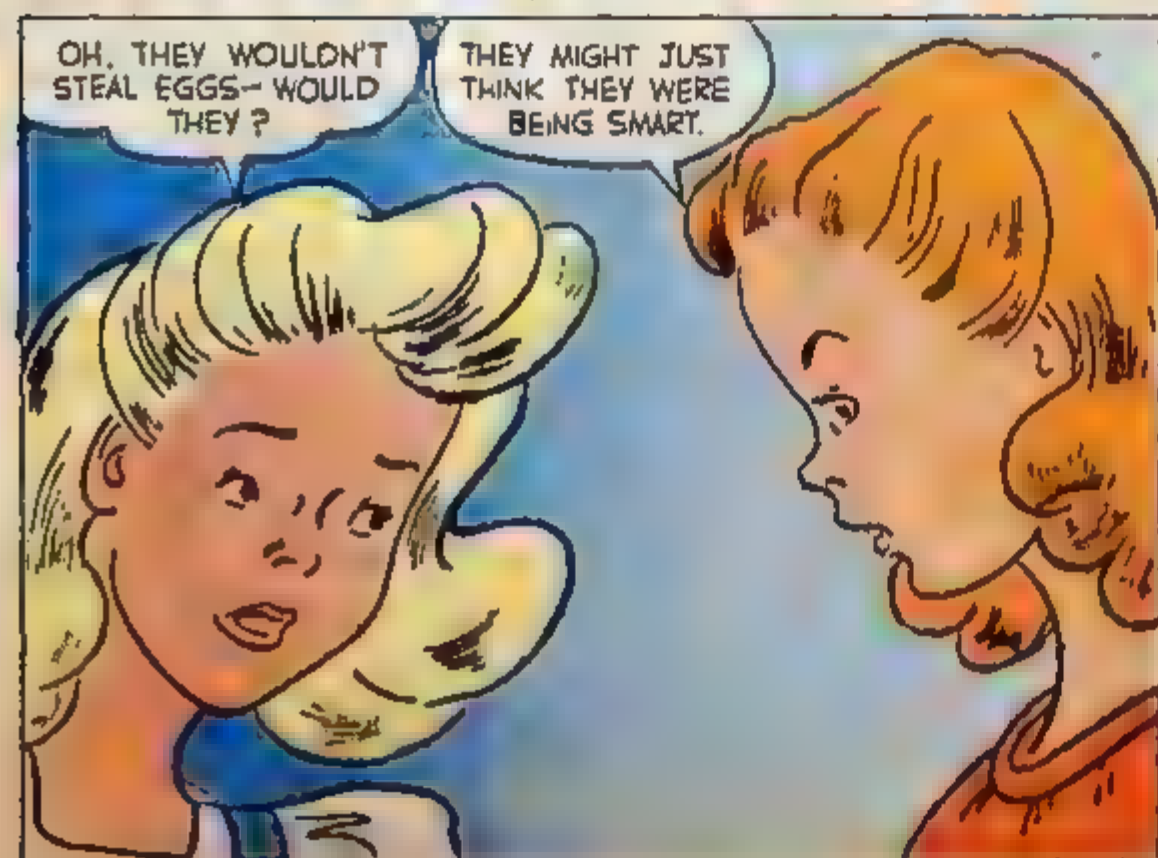
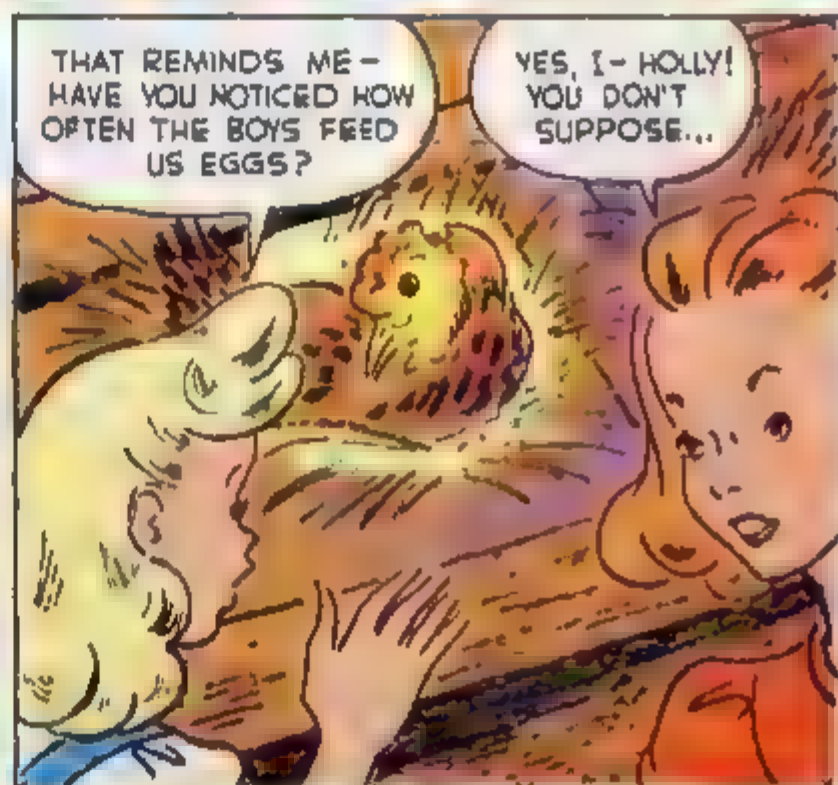
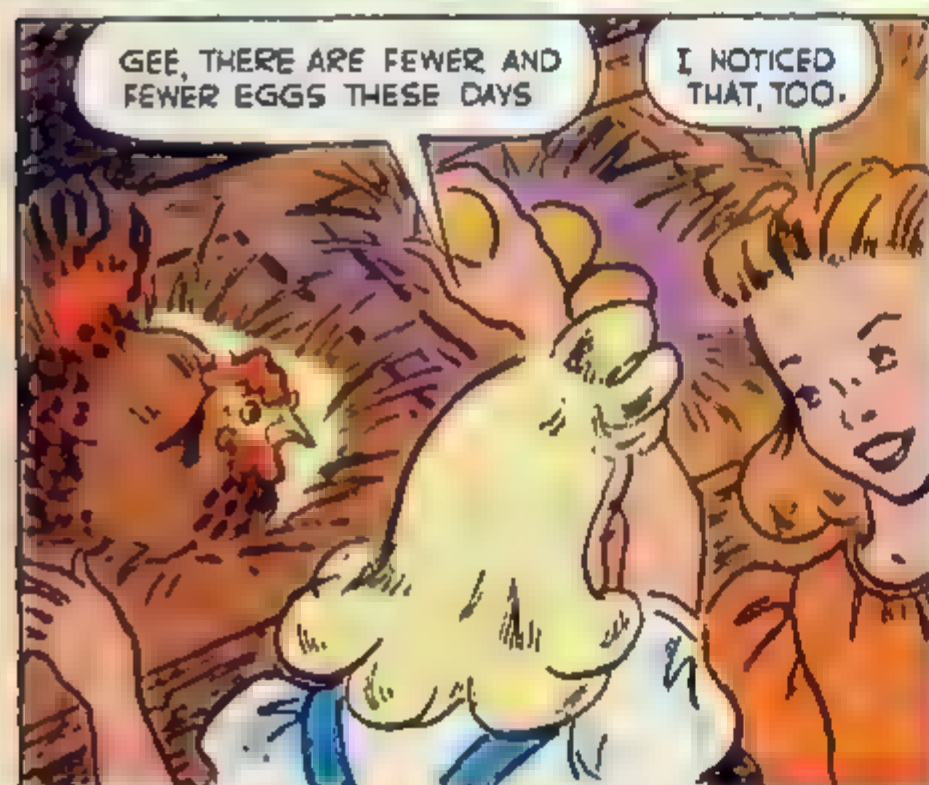
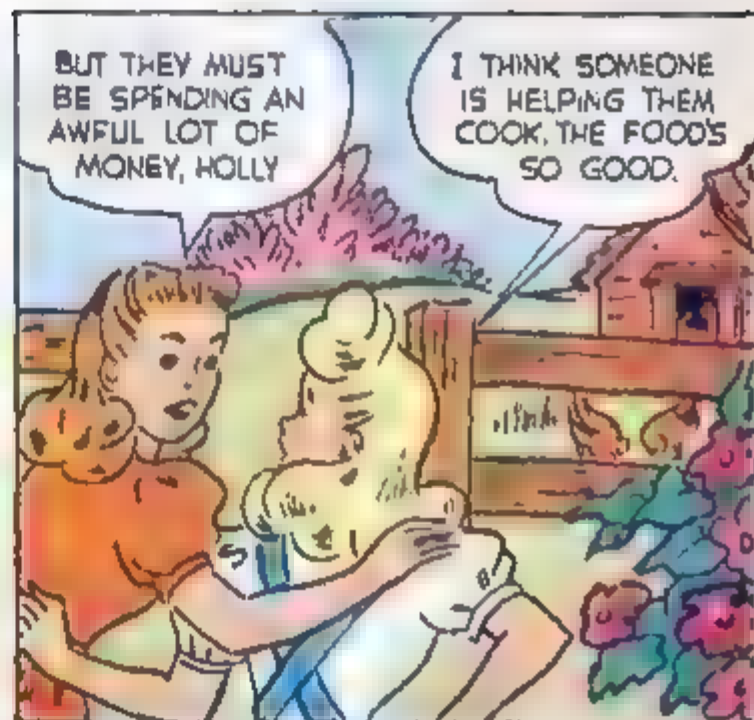
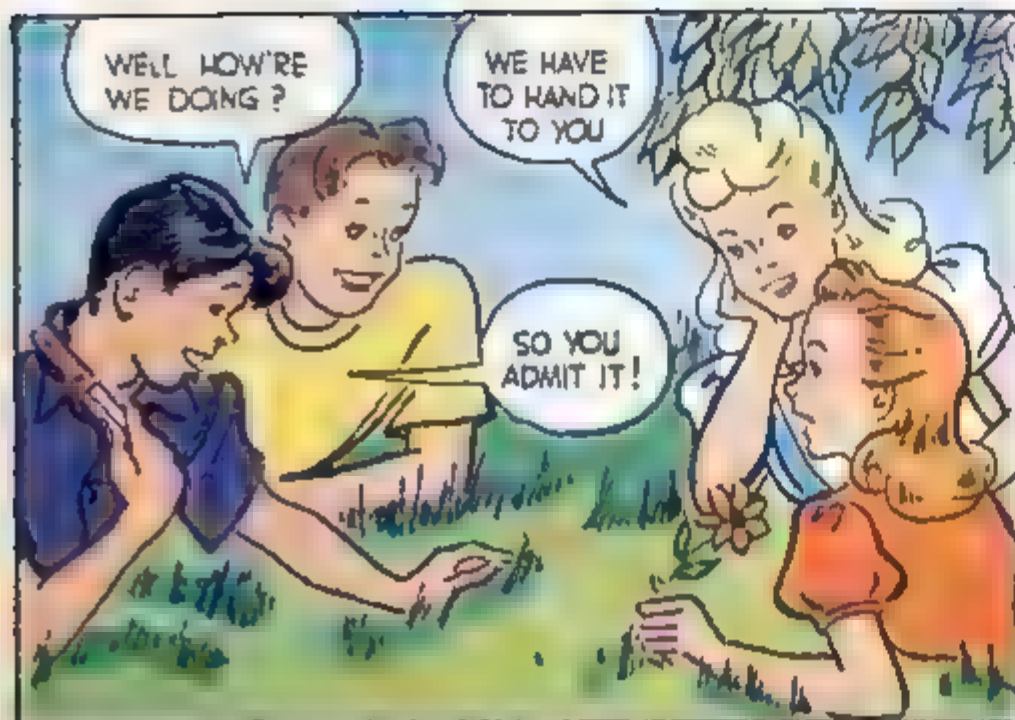
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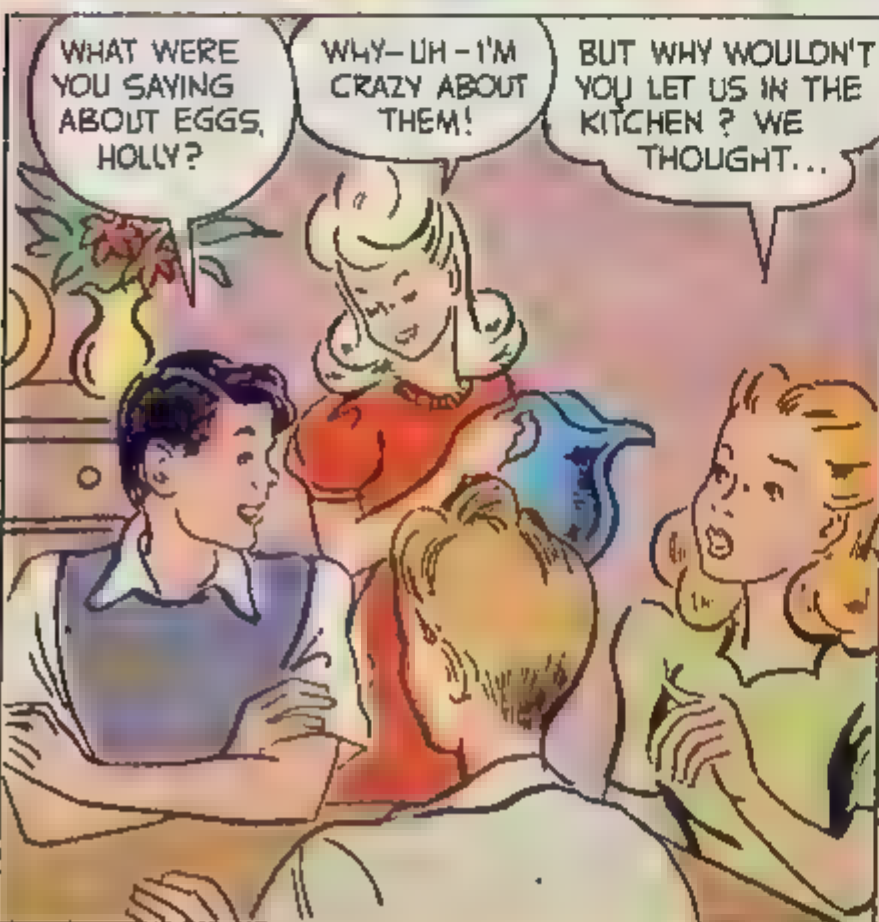
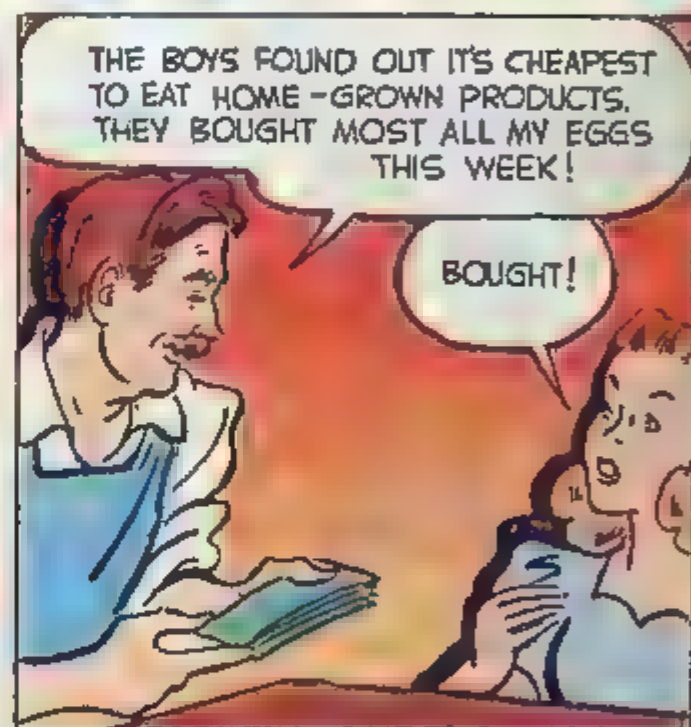
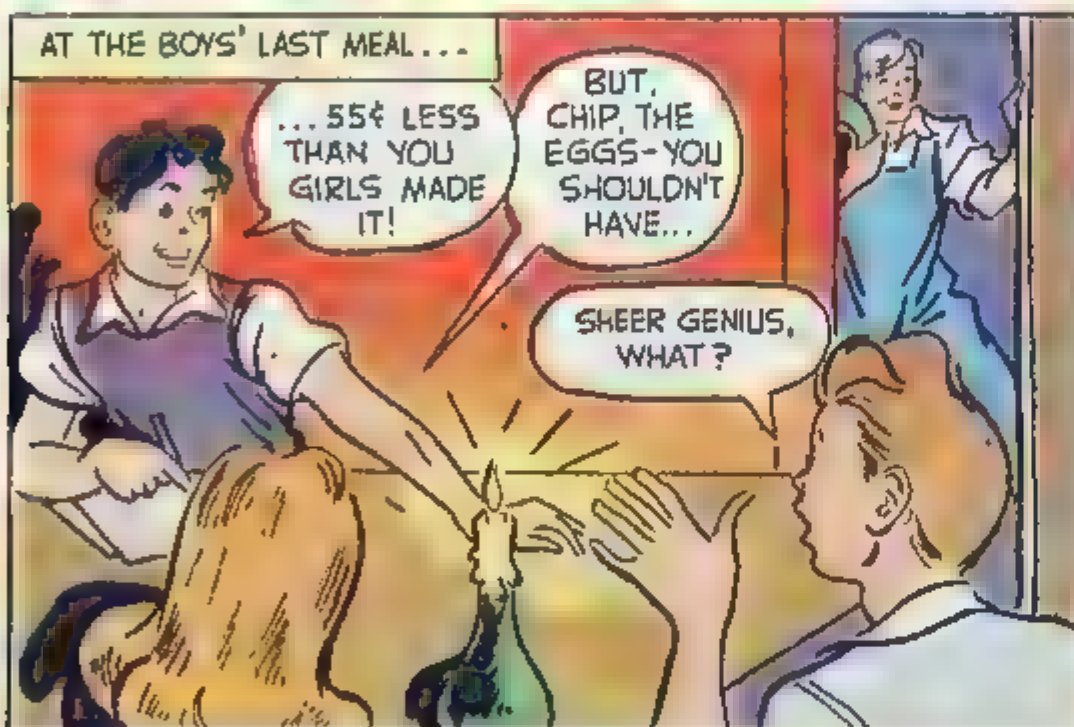
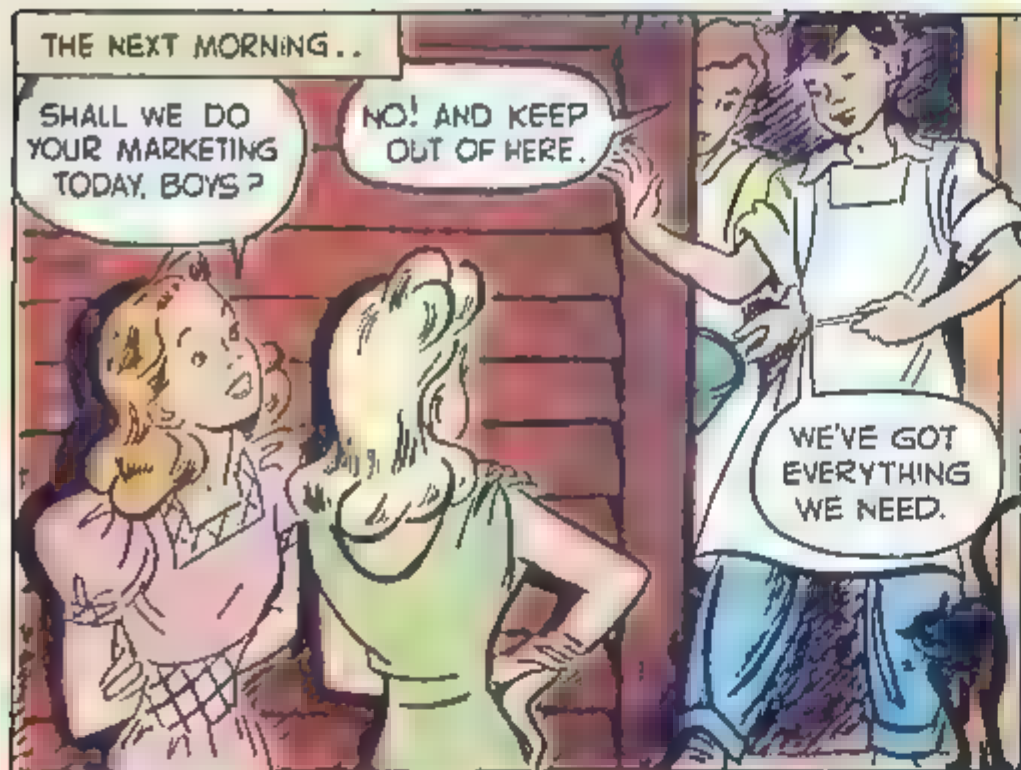
COME AND GET IT!

SPANISH OMELET
CORN ON COB
SALAD
APPLE SAUCE
MILK

AN OMELET!
BOYS CAN'T MAKE AN OMELET.

CAN'T WE?
JUST WAIT!





The BOOKWORM'S TURN



I leaped and snatched the magazine from Penny and threw it into a barberry bush.

Carol had a red-headed temper, and when Penny, the brains of the club, was indifferent to the big project—well!

By MAXINE SHORE and M. M. OBLINGER

Authors of "Hero of Darien" and "Knight of the Wilderness"

PENNY!" I cried hoarsely, breaking off right in the middle of my really eloquent speech.

She didn't even hear me, just kept on reading some magazine she'd dug up from nowhere, with that all-too-familiar moony look on her face.

Let me state here that Penelope Parks is one of my closest friends, but she has one maddening defect: she can't let literature alone. It's a kind of disease with her. Magazines, books, leaflets, even advertisements Penny absorbs like a blotter. What snakes do to birds is what words do to her. It's absolutely eerie, besides being very inconvenient when we need a good mind like hers—as we most certainly did now.

I looked at Peanuts accusingly.

"I thought I told you to hide all reading matter," I said, taking a firm presidential tone.

"Carol, I did!"

"She got it from between the glider cushions," said Flower, who was sitting beside Penny. "I noticed she was sort of rubbing her hand around restlessly, but then I got so absorbed in what you were saying."

At another time a pretty compliment like that would have pleased me. But by this time I was too warm to be cooled by flattery. Penny had not moved. Apparently she had not heard a single word of the whole discussion! Sometimes I think Penny has special trap doors in her ears which she

shuts when she is reading.

"Penelope Parks!" I repeated. Then, very slowly, I began to count. Being red haired, I have a harder time in this vale of tears than normal people. I mean, I have to keep suppressing—suppressing—all the time. If I let myself go, everyone points at my hair and nods smugly, "Temperament."

But now greater issues were at stake. Let me explain. We Minute Maids had returned from camp just this morning. We'd had a jammeroo of a time—but we'd also spent our allowances for weeks ahead. Ah, had we but known!

The first thing we saw when we stepped gaily off the train was a huge poster telling about the big war relief Little City

was having. We were flabbergasted. The date of the parade was only ten days away!

I got the rest of the details from Dad. Yes, he said, all the clubs and business firms in Little City were participating.

"Organizations that contribute fifty dollars or more are entitled to a float in the parade," he said.

"You mean if the Minute Maids donated fifty dollars, we could have a float?"

I could see our float now, rolling down the street with red, white, and blue streamers all over it, with people cheering and the six of us looking very snappy in white shorts, maybe, and three-cornered hats . . .

"You Minute Girls better just forget the whole thing, though," Dad advised kindly. "You can ride on my float."

Naturally, I didn't take his advice. I mean, I'm a patriot and, as I understand it, a patriot of every age and clime answers pronto when his country calls. No, I didn't take Dad's advice. If I had, I would have been spared some ghastly hours and would not have lost three whole pounds in one week; Peanuts wouldn't have that long scratch on her arm; Flower would still be able to eat fish and—but all that comes later.

Now, having counted faithfully to twenty-five—five counts higher than I ever go under ordinary circumstances—I found my emotions still at the boil.

I leaped—and snatched the magazine from Penny and tossed it firmly into a clump of barberry beside the porch.

Libby and Blue held Penny down. She wailed, "But, Carol, what I was reading was important. It was an advertisement about books . . ."

Flower groaned. "She not only reads books—she reads about books!"

"If you'd just listen," pleaded Penny, struggling helplessly. "You remember that library of old books my great-aunt Agatha left me . . .?"

Our groans drowned her out.

How could we forget? She'd talked nothing else since they arrived.

"Look, Penny," I said soothingly, "The Minute Maids are facing a crisis and we need your brain. It's a nice brain when it isn't buried in type."

"Thanks," said Penny bitterly. She looked at me resentfully. The only time our friendship is ever strained is when I come between Penny and her reading. Well, I thought, not without sorrow, if I must sacrifice friendship for my country, I will not hesitate to do so.

"Penny," I said, "we were speaking of the war relief drive—remember?"

"Certainly," said Penny. "That's why . . ."

"Good!" I said. "Now concentrate. The honor of the Minute Maids hangs in the balance. We have to raise funds—fast. Between us, we have only twenty-seven cents."

Penny got out of hand. I mean, if she'd had the red hair

instead of me, people would certainly have pointed.

"If you won't listen to me," said Penny, "why should I help finance a bunch of bumblewits?"

I was shocked—where was her patriotism?

"But we will listen, Penny. Only we just don't want to hear a word about books or anything like that. This problem needs a practical solution."

Penny opened her mouth, then shut it. She was silent so long we all started begging her to speak. For, though I may be the soul of the Minute Maids, Penny is definitely the brains.

"All right," said Penny finally, "since you're bound to do it the hard way, we'll have to run an ad."

"In the paper?" breathed Blue impressed.

"Yes, something like this. 'SAVE GAS AND TIRES. Let us do your errands. We also board goldfish, plants, and canaries; wash and walk pets; mow lawns; pull dandelions;



"I'll take a glass," I said comfortingly. But at the first gulp, I choked and spluttered. "What've you got in this?"



Peanuts was trying to coax him back into the tub with a bone, but he didn't take her seriously.

read to invalids and . . ."

"Wonderful!" Why couldn't I have thought of that?

So we put an ad in the *Shopping News*, which was cheaper than the daily paper, and in a couple of days we started getting answers. We were launched on our careers!

We divided up the work. Having a bicycle, I offered to run errands. Flower agreed to board things. Peanuts likes animals, so she offered to take care of them. That left Libby and Blue to mow lawns and pull dandelions.

"But what about you then, Penny?" asked Flower. "Ah there is left is reading to invalids and there may not be calls for that."

"Maybe not," admitted Penny placidly.

We didn't press her. After all, having thought up the idea, she was probably entitled to choose the easiest work.

Sometimes I wonder. Which is more important—saving tires and gas, or saving civilians from bunions and fallen arches? What I mean is, are we going to be a lot of exhausted snails after the war?

But you see, my bike broke down. It's old, of course, and I suppose I've given it some hard use, but was that any excuse for spilling me and Mrs.

Johnson's groceries all over Fourth Street that very first day? A nasty experience. And when I dragged the bike into the hardware store, they told me it would take at least two weeks to fix it. Well, I pleaded and pleaded, but you know how it is to get anything fixed nowadays. Everybody's in war plants, it seems, who can tell the difference between a thingumabob and a whatchamacallit.

But I wouldn't give up. I remembered about my two good sun-tanned legs—not suspecting, in my downy innocence, that hereafter I'd never be able to forget them!

I ran errands the first two days, determined to give the very best service to our brave home front. The third day I walked. What was the rush, I asked myself? Of course, old Mrs. Perkins did get upset because her butter was melty, but after all, what could she expect at ten cents for two miles?

The next to the last day I was plodding along, brooding over the fact that I'd only made three dollars and eighty cents. Carol Maple, human gas and rubber substitute, was definitely at low ebb.

"Hi, Carol!"

I managed to lift my head. It

was Penny, sitting callously on her front porch, a book on her lap. Every time I passed on my endless slave march, there she was—reading.

The milk bottle slipped from my nerveless hand. I was almost glad when it smashed. I mean, it gave me a sort of desperate satisfaction like when you expect everything to go wrong and it not only does, but gets worse.

"Penny," I said, "why aren't you reading to invalids?"

"No calls," said Penny carelessly.

"Another day of this," I said, "and you can read to me."

I staggered on. I'd have to get Miss Smidge's milk next trip.

In the next block, Libby was hanging like a red-faced rag doll over the handle of the Pritchards' lawn mower. The grass was only a third cut.

"I'll give you a dollar and a half to finish it," she panted. "The grass is full of green plums." Her brown eyes implored me, but after all, I'd hiked five miles today. I shook my head.

I left her trudging pathetically up and down, up and down. My heart swelled with pride. I guess if Adolf Hitler could have seen us Minute Maids, he would never again doubt United Nations' morale.

Next, I met Flower walking, white-faced, toward downtown.

"What's cookin'?" I inquired. Shuddering, she came close and whispered, "Mrs. Pearl- ing's fish—they died! She's coming home tonight, and I thought I would just clean out the dirty old fish bowl as an extra service—and they went and died." She was carrying a long business envelope which bulged gruesomely.

"But buying more will eat up your profits, won't it?"

Flower nodded dumbly.

"What've you got them with you for?" I asked.

"To match them." She hurried off, her face full of real misery. Flower hates dead things.

Up the street, I saw the familiar shape of the lemonade stand run by the Tucker twins. My mouth was watering and I convinced myself that spending one teeny nickel to drown my sorrows wouldn't be disloyal.

Then I saw Blue standing sheepishly behind the counter. The twins weren't in sight.

"No dandelions," said Blue quickly, "so I bought out the twins. But business isn't too good."

It was like meeting a once prosperous friend and finding she was scrubbing floors. I was touched.

"I'll take a glass," I said comfortingly.

But at the first gulp, I choked and spluttered. "What've you got in this?"

"I ran out of honey for sweetening," said Blue, "so I had to use molasses. Isn't it all right?"

I gagged and turned away quickly. I couldn't bear to face Blue another minute. And I certainly didn't have the heart to suggest that the best place for her lemonade was the sewer.

Peanuts' back yard adjoins Miss Smidge's. There she had

set up her dog-washing business. A big galvanized tub on a laundry bench. Yesterday, I'd envied her the fairly cool and stationary job of dunking pooches. Now I pulled up short, staring.

She was wrestling with the biggest Newfoundland I've ever seen. He was wet all over and partly soaped, and so was she. When I approached, she was trying to coax him back into the tub with a bone.

"Nice doggie," she murmured grimly. "Come, Tippy!"

Tippy simply sat, tongue hanging out, looking at her. His soft brown eyes were limpid with appreciation, but bare of anything like respect. He simply didn't take Peanuts seriously. Peanuts looked hopeful when he finally stood on all fours, but instead of stepping

my heart was heavy; I mean it would have taken a heavy-weight champion to even lift it.

I laughed hollowly. We had just counted up our total earnings — eighteen dollars and sixty cents. That is, without Penny's contribution which couldn't be much. After all, as far as I could see, all she'd done all week was sit on her front porch, reading. Only once had I seen her anywhere else, and that was this morning at the post office.

"Trying to get the mail man to let you read postcards?" I asked, feeling very bitter.

Penny looked smug. "No, getting a letter."

I had crept on.

Now Penny was late. She'd probably forgotten all about the inquest. Deep in the dictionary, I supposed. When finally, I heard the beat of her moccasins on the steps, I couldn't even look up.

She thrust a slip of paper under my nose. The "most beautiful check you ever saw—for thirty-five whole dollars!"

"P-Penny!" I burred. "Wh-where did you get this lovely money?"

"Remember that magazine I was reading that first meeting—the one you tossed into the barberries so I got all scratched getting it out?"

I nodded, swallowing. "There was an ad in there asking to buy rare books. In the collection my aunt left me were two first editions of *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. I sold one.

We gaped helplessly.

"But this money . . ."

"I'm contributing it," said Penny airily. "It was worth every cent to see you do all that struggling for a few dollars, when if you'd just let me finish what I was going to tell you that first day . . ."

Well, anyway, it was a lot of fun riding on our float.

STORM AT CAMP

By ESTHER C. GREEN

Fourteen Years Old

High, far o'er the lake the curtains hang—
Black as the raven's wings and bill—
Stilled is the redbird which recently sang,
And a yellow light creeps from the guardian hill.
Swifter and swifter the cloud-puffs fly
On the wings of the wind which brings the rain;
The fantasy shifts and blankets the sky,
While the sun dies with blood and a crimson mane.
The trees are breathless, awaiting the crash
Which will shake the world and rend it apart—
Awaiting the light which whips as a lash,
Striking fear down to the earth's very heart.
A rustle of wind—and over the lake,
Down from the pines which shelter the shore—
Over the land the summer storm breaks,
Lifting the last notes of taps before.

obediently into the tub, Tippy just shook himself vigorously—showering Peanuts with soap and water. Then he resumed his Sitting-Bull attitude, but this time his massive head was cocked with interest as he watched Peanuts frantically wiping her face and eyes.

I turned and drifted away to Miss Smidge's. When I say

Globe-Memorial
Boston Mail
Globe
TIP
The New York Times
Milk
Singing
TORONTO DAILY
Gazette
Chicago Daily Tribune
San

Girls in the NEWS



1—Messengers on wheels. Canada's Girl Guides won't be doing much hiking or picnicking this year because the girls have volunteered their bikes and themselves to act as messengers for war service agencies. *Gordon Ames Photo*

2—Open season for preserving. McKinley High School students of Washington, D.C., take up where the victory gardeners leave off and preserve the fruits and vegetables that will replace rationed canned goods. *OWI Photo by Palmer*

3—Prize beef on the hoof. Marquerite Keith, 11, of Eton in Murray County, Ga., worked 8 months raising Midnight, a 995-pound Angus Aberdeen calf. But at the annual Atlanta Fat Cattle Show, Midnight won the Grand Championship prize of \$80. Besides, Margaret sold Midnight for \$564 and was awarded a purebred pig as showmanship prize.

4—Fire fighters. Heads of the Oregon 4-H Club's girls' and boys' council, Loraine Filliger and Donald Hagg, receive Green Guards shields. Green Guards help prevent fires, report fires, gather fire-fighting equipment, and put out fires.

5—Singing spotters. Marianne and Peggy Joan Moylan, the singing sisters of radio who are famous for their harmony, are honorary airplane spotters at Sag Harbor, N. Y., where they stand watch with their aunt. Marianne and Peggy are heard on Sundays on the Blue Network.



CHINA'S *Youngest* ARMY



Students devote their spare time to farming. Unless they help sow, they will not be able to eat.

An inspiring account of the courageous Chinese girls and boys who are helping their war-torn country resist invasion

By **BLAKE GILPIN BOWMAN**
Associate Editor

CHINESE girls and boys of your age are now experienced war veterans, standing by their elders in all parts of China, taking an active part in the war.

In July, 1937, the Japanese invasion of China began. For six long years the Chinese have been suffering air raids and bombings, lack of food and clothing, suffering life under Japanese rule in occupied territories. The girls and boys who are teeners now haven't had a chance to worry about going out on parties and dates, or being old enough for special

privileges. Their parties have been scouting parties. Their dates, to guide Chinese officers through enemy lines. They decided when war began that they were old enough to fight.

Hundreds of girls and boys working in one Japanese-controlled section of China have been given the nickname the Little Devils. They're justly proud of the name which they have earned by deviling the Japanese aggressors. Working mainly as spies—not the glamorous black-satin movie type, but in the role of innocent youngsters—they pretend to be playing in the streets or fields. Their "play" gives them a chance to spot Japanese troop

movements and ammunition dumps. At night they slip through Japanese lines to report this information to the Chinese armies.

The Little Devils also serve as watchdogs for the hundreds of small hidden workshops that are manufacturing, right under the noses of the Japanese, small munitions and other equipment for the guerrilla soldiers. The shops are located inside peasant huts, often in villages patrolled by Japanese soldiers. If an enemy sentry approaches too close to the guerrilla workshop, then the Little Devils scurry through back streets to warn the shop, so that it may hide telltale machines.

Because they know the fields and valleys so well, it is often their job to escort Chinese officials through the enemy lines,

a risky business demanding stealthy skill and real courage.

In one province of occupied China, these young fighters—many of them orphans of guerrilla-soldier families—organized themselves into a Traitor Prevention Corps. Units of three were formed to collect pieces of burnt wood after air raids, to be used for charcoal writing. At night they steal out to write slogans on the town walls, calling on the people to support the guerrilla fighters.

The teen-age guerrillas have shown great ingenuity in their work. Among the guerrillas in one region of China is a young trumpet blower. In a recent skirmish, an overwhelming force of enemy reinforcements was sighted, and the guerrillas decided to retreat. As the Chinese were retreating, the small trumpeter ran to the top

of the hill and sounded the trumpet. The Japanese took the blast as a signal for Chinese troops to advance and, overestimating the numbers of their opponents, they retreated!

One of the most unusual educational projects in Free China today is in the hands of a group of thirty young Chinese, ranging from nine to seventeen years of age. Their job is to take education and amusement to the border people of China's westernmost provinces—primitive tribes who in their long history have had little contact with civilization. These young teachers, who are known by the border tribes as the Wandering Children, make up an official Frontier Propaganda Corps. Most of them come from orphanages and refugee camps that had been set up near Hankow.

They make their visits to the tribes on foot, scaling high mountains, wading through swamps and across rivers, and trudging hundreds of miles carrying on their backs bundles of clothes, bedding, and cooking equipment. They rove around the countryside all day, and at nightfall put up at whatever shelter they can find.

During the day they tend and teach the small children left behind while their parents work in the fields. They teach them how to play and make for them small toys, usually the first these children have ever seen. At night, when the older people come in from the fields, they hold moonlight classes in simple hygiene and first aid and give lessons in reading and writing. They know that a happy people will have more courage to fight on, so they try to bring a little entertainment to these remote provinces with plays and songs.

Many of the most active workers are war orphans, young fighters who have the greatest debt to settle with the

Japanese. In Madame Chiang Kai-shek's orphanage at Sian, in Shensi Province, there is a Girls' Army, made up mostly of girls between thirteen and fifteen. Having been taught in the orphanage how to weave and tailor, they got together and decided to use their knowledge. They established a cooperative enterprise, elected shop chairmen, and set out to run a business themselves. The cloth they weave they make into uniforms for new orphans and needy children in their district. When they're not weaving and sewing, they spend their time in study and military drill.

There is a similar active group of Chinese Girl Guides and Boy Scouts in Chungking, capital of Free China. Expert in administering first aid to air-raid victims, in clearing bombing debris, and in distributing food and money to needy and homeless victims, these girls and boys have become the backbone of civilian defense. Their headquarters are in barracks on a large estate in the heart of the city—an estate they share with refugee schools and government offices. Classrooms and dormitories for the girls occupy two small bamboo and plaster buildings.

During Chungking's foggy season, from October to March, lack of air raids gives the group more time for their studies. But during the "bombing season" how they spend their days is determined by the severity of the daily bombings.

The girls and boys run their domestic and scholastic lives on a self-help and self-government basis. They do their own cooking, house cleaning, laundering, marketing, and hauling water. To save money on the food bill, the students raise vegetables and melons.

Each of the groups throughout China has its own name, but they all have one purpose—to win victory for China.



- 1—Inside Free China, but only a few miles from scenes of bitter fighting, students calmly carry on their studies in a school for the children of workers.
- 2—Young Chinese bring war news to inland villages by acting out plays based on current happenings, often the first news of the war the townspeople get.
- 3—A 15-year-old Chinese girl operates an anti-aircraft searchlight battery.

(United China Relief Fund)



Stippy Homeler (center) poses with the two young actresses who play Patricia Frame to his Emil Bruckner.

Joyce Van Patten, as Patricia Frame, the American professor's daughter, listens gravely to the wild tales of her Nazi cousin.

TWO STARS IN ONE SPOTLIGHT

In person, they're Nancy Nugent and Joyce Van Patten—on the stage, Patricia Frame

By STEPHANIE O'BRIEN
Feature Writer

THE world of the theater used to be a pretty grown-up world. It was only occasionally that a juvenile actor or actress would get a few speaking lines in one of the plays that opened up on the "great white way," the famous theater section of New York City. And only very occasionally that a girl or a boy would get a lead part. But in the past few years, young people have been seen more and more on Broadway stages and, judging by the performances they have turned in, it looks as though they are there to stay.

But none of the young tradition breakers was welcomed with more praise from hardened critics than the junior members of the cast of "Tomorrow the World"—the dramatic story of what happens when a young German boy, trained by the Nazis, comes to live with his American professor-

uncle and is faced with the democratic ideas he has been taught to despise.

When Elliott Nugent, the director of "Tomorrow the World," first read the play, the part of Patricia Frame, the professor's daughter, made him think of his own daughter. Ten-year-old Nancy Nugent was attending the Brearley School. She had always wanted to be an actress, but Nancy didn't expect to realize her ambition until she was grown up. So far, her only theater experience had been playing the part of Thor in a school production of the Norse legend. But Patricia Frame's role was perfect and Nancy was the girl who could fill it. So Nancy joined the cast of "Tomorrow the World" and the Nugents became a "royal family" in the theater. To theater people that means three generations actively engaged in stage or screen work. J. C.

Nugent, Nancy's grandfather, writes plays and acts in them, too, and Nancy's father has done just about everything in both the theater and the movies.

But the day that the play was scheduled to open out of town, Nancy came down with the grippe and she couldn't speak above a whisper. And that is how another ten-year-old actress got a chance at a fine role. Joyce Van Patten, Nancy's understudy, played the part sixteen times while the play was on the road, and her portrayal of Patricia Frame was so excellent that when "Tomorrow the World" opened in New York City, it was decided to let the two girls alternate in the part.

The day we went backstage to meet the girls, Nancy was scheduled to appear, and so we couldn't talk to her until after the performance. But Joyce came in especially so that we could interview her. Joyce was excitement to the ends of her long, blonde pigtails, and her eyes were sparkling with anticipation, because she was on her way to a performance of "Life With Father." When she



Nancy stares at Skippy's strange manner in the tense scene before the birthday party.

is not on the stage herself, Joyce likes to go watch others perform, and she can tell you about almost every current play or musical.

Unlike Nancy, Joyce is a veteran actress. She was only six and a half when she made her first appearance in "Love's Old Sweet Song." Now at the age of ten, she has five roles to her credit.

"But I like this one better than any of the others," she said seriously. "It's really an adult play, even though there are so many young people in it, but I think girls and boys would enjoy it, too." And they would, for in the play it is Patricia Frame who helps crack through the fanatic ideas of the Nazi boy so that he can begin to understand and appreciate what democracy means.

Joyce was born in Woodhaven, Long Island, and she now lives in Kew Gardens with her mother and her brother. Her father is in the Marines, and pasted on the walls of her dressing room are the telegrams he sends her. Up till the time this play opened, Joyce attended Public School 99, near her home. But rehearsals and performances made it impossible for her to get to classes. She has a tutor from her school who keeps her up to date with her lessons at home. Both Joyce and Nancy are in the fourth grade. When we asked Joyce

whether she liked sports and which ones, she reeled off such a long list, so fast, that we couldn't keep up with her.

"But swimming, walking, and horseback riding are my favorites," she finished, out of breath.

Joyce enjoys ice skating and roller skating, too. And one of her pet rinks is the outdoor one in front of the Prometheus Fountain in Rockefeller Plaza. The ten-year-old actress is a great reader—especially of plays. One of her favorite hobbies is collecting pictures of race horses. And her pet ambition is to "smell as good

as Mother."

Joyce loves ballet and when you watch her you get a feeling that she could dance, too, if she wanted to. She is light and graceful and she has great poise.

When Joyce came in, the first thing she said was, "You ought to talk to Nancy, and be sure to see her in the part. She's good." And when we talked to Nancy, she started right out, "You ought to interview Joyce." And that is the best answer to whether the girls enjoy working together. They think it's fun, and they watch each other carefully at rehearsals, though each of them gives a different interpretation of the part of Patricia Frame. Joyce has a pixy quality about her. As director Nugent puts it, "Joyce is more theatrically effective because of her experience and Nancy is more natural. She hasn't any tricks."

Nancy was still in the pajamas she wears in the third act of the play when we went into her dressing room.

"How did it feel to have your dad directing you?" we asked.

"Same as anybody else, except that I called him Dad," Nancy answered as she struggled into her dress. "And except that he was better."

Nancy was born in California and still spends summers there, and she loves it. She said goodbye to the cast of "Tomorrow

the World" this summer when she went west to join the rest of the Nugent family at their Hollywood, California, home, "Garden of Allah." (Right now, Joyce has the part of Patricia Frame all to herself.) With her two older sisters, she attends the Brearley School overlooking the East River Drive in New York.

"Sure, I was disappointed when I couldn't open in the play," Nancy said in answer to our question, "but Joyce is good and it turned out all right."

In spite of the fact that she was brand new to the stage, Nancy wasn't very nervous. The only real trouble she had was when the audience laughed. She couldn't help laughing, too, even though she wasn't supposed to. But Mr. Nugent cured her of that.

"Dad said he would fine me a dollar every time I did that," Nancy explained, tossing back her light brown hair. "And after I paid him two dollars, I remembered to keep my face straight!"

Nancy's favorite sport is swimming, too, and she reads a lot. Her hobby is drawing, and Mrs. Nugent showed us Nancy's sketch of Skippy Homeier, the twelve-year-old all-American who plays the Nazi boy. Nancy didn't think it was good enough to show anybody, but we recognized Skippy right away. Both Joyce and Nancy think that twelve-year-old Skippy is "just too good for words," and the critics agree with the girls' verdict. Skippy makes you hate more fiercely the distorted thinking of the Nazis, but he makes you think deeply about the millions of German girls and boys who, when the war is won, will have to be reeducated.

Nancy and Joyce both want to be actresses when they grow up. "The stage, of course," they agreed, although we hear the movies are casting longing eyes in their direction. From the start they have made, it looks as though we'll be seeing more of these talented girls who have added to the reputation of the younger generation of players.

THE MYSTERY of the THIEVING SPOOKS

THE STORY UP TO NOW

The unusual happenings that were upsetting the quiet of Bayberry Hill gave Jill Watson and Babs Morley plenty to talk about. Jill wished that she could solve the mystery of the stolen bank bonds and win the \$2000 reward so that she could go back to boarding school with Babs. But Babs was more interested in the smaller robberies that had become epidemic in the summer colony. The strange collection of items stolen puzzled the girls, as did the cardboard calling card scrawled "The Spooks" that was left by the thieves. Their conversation was interrupted by a dirty ragamuffin begging for food. The girls prepared it but when Jill went out to the porch to call the uninvited guest, he had disappeared! Now go on with Chapter Two.

JILL turned back, her suspicions confirmed. She'd better tell Babs. The ragamuffin would probably walk off with the family silver. Maybe they could catch him if they hurried.

The soft pad-pad of bare feet made her glance toward the stairs. Their visitor was peeping at her through the banisters. Jill felt her indignation rise. Why, the impudent, nervy, little kid! What right had he to go upstairs!

Addressing him with as much severity as she could command, Jill demanded to know what he was doing up there. He walked down and over to her nonchalantly.

"I was just lookin' for the bathroom. Don't expect me to eat with dirty mitts, do yer?"

Jill inspected the mitts. They certainly did not appear any cleaner to her. But he wasn't her responsibility, so why bother? She marched him into the kitchen and told him to eat before the eggs got cold.

Drawing Babs aside, she whispered, "He was upstairs

The Haunted House on Deadwood Isle aroused the gang's curiosity and they determined to dare the ghost of Mr. Ecks

By ISABELLE COREY

Author of Stories for Girls



The nervy little ragamuffin was peeping at her through the banisters. Jill felt her indignation rise.

to wash his hands, but I don't believe him. I'll keep him here until you find out if anything is missing."

Laughingly Babs whispered, "All right, Sherlock Holmes, but I'm afraid you'll be disappointed."

Jill drew up another chair to the table and watched the small visitor while he ate greedily. She was curious about his age. Judging by his size, he couldn't be more than eight or nine years old. But there were moments when he had an expression that made him seem older. It was so fleeting, however, that she could not be sure. If only he would uncover his head... She hinted that he might be more comfortable without the cap.

"Naw," he said, without looking up. "I wear it all the time

—hot or cold." He took a deep gulp of milk and went on eating.

Finally Jill's curiosity got the better of her.

"How old are you?" she asked.

"Who? Me? Thirteen."

"Thirteen! Aren't you rather small for your age?" To herself Jill thought, "That explains the peculiar, almost grown-up look on his face."

"Oh, size ain't everything. Guess I weren't brung up right—didn't get the right things to eat."

"You'll have time to grow yet," she said comfortingly. "What's your name?"

"Mike," he mumbled.

"Mike what?"

"Just Mike. That's all. Never knew who my parents were."

"How awful!" Jill pitied. "Whom do you live with? I should think they'd know."

"Don't live with nobody. I sleep in haystacks or freight cars, any place that's convenient. You needn't worry about me," he added hastily as Jill was about to voice her sympathy. "I get along all right."

Mike had cleaned his plate and was pushing back his chair when Babs returned to the kitchen. She gave Jill a reassuring glance and went over to their guest.

"Could you use this?" Babs held up one of her little brother's old suits.

"Sure. Gee, thanks, miss!"

Did Jill imagine it? Was his voice really sarcastic? She was relieved when he grabbed the suit, adjusted his cap and, without so much as a good-bye or a thank you for his meal, made a hurried exit out the back door.

After Mike's departure it was time for the girls to leave for the picnic. When they arrived at Lee Travers' dock, everyone was in the boat waiting for them—Winnie Philips, her house guest, Judy Kendrick, Ronnie Taylor, Dave Collins, and Lee.

The motor responded to Lee's expert touch and the *Derelict* chugged through the motionless, twilight-tinted water toward a group of small islands

opposite Bayberry Hill.

"Which one do we picnic on?" Judy asked Jill.

"Cedar Island," Jill answered. "It's behind that first one—Deadwood Isle."

"Deadwood Isle," Judy repeated curiously.

Dave said, "Got its name from the dead trees. Nothing grows there any more—just rocks. Even the wild animals can't find anything to eat."

Their boat was still some distance away from the islands, but the blackened trees, looking desolate and abandoned, could be seen rising against the paling sky.

"Why on earth would anybody want to live there?" Jill puzzled.

"Does anyone?" Judy asked.

"Not now. But Mr. Ecks did—until this spring."

"I don't blame him for moving away," the visiting girl interrupted.

"He didn't move away," Dave said grimly. "He died."

"Died—on the island?"

"Worse than that. He drowned, and his body was never recovered, though the bay was dredged for days. His boat was found capsized in the middle of the bay with the rud-

der broken and the mast snapped in two. That was after the big storm last spring."

"He lived alone," Jill added. "Of course, his death notice was in the newspapers but nobody ever turned up. And as far as anyone knows he hadn't a relative in the world. He died as mysteriously as he had lived."

"Mysterious?" Judy's interest was increasing. "In what way?"

"Or just plain crazy," Dave laughed. "He believed in ghosts and he built the goofiest house. He lived here for about four years, but nobody ever got to know him."

Mr. Ignatius Matthew Ecks, with his twisted foot and his dark, heavy beard, had been the talk of Bayberry Hill when he had first arrived, Jill told her. Though he was of slight build, he carried himself with so much dignity that, despite his lameness, he appeared to be taller than he actually was. Everybody had wondered why he had selected Deadwood Isle for his home when he could have had his pick of all the lovelier islands surrounding it; but nobody had dared ask him why.

Their curiosity had been piqued even more when, instead of hiring a local carpenter to build his house, he had imported his own. Babs had wondered, and Jill had been inclined to agree with her, if Mr. Ecks had found Aladdin's lamp and had a genie to carry out his commands because, though nobody ever saw the carpenter at work, the house was built in less than a week. Only once had anyone heard sounds of hammering and that had been at night. At the end of the week Mr. Ecks had moved out of his tent, which he had chosen in preference to the hotel on the mainland, and started his solitary existence in his new home.

Once a week the hermit of Deadwood Isle would sail over to the mainland for groceries and supplies and hurry back to his island. On one of these trips Jill had nearly collided with him as he rushed out of the grocery store, visibly annoyed at something. She had gone in

Susan Says

MY pet is a little kitten, just a tiny ball of gray fuzz called Willie. He is so plump that he sways and wobbles when he walks, and when he runs—well, that feat generally ends in a major catastrophe. Willie's ideas of affection are rather odd. He does not content himself with purring, but he also likes to bite and sometimes he hurts. Then his conscience pricks him and he licks me with his rough little pink tongue and tries to look as apologetic as his feline features will permit. Willie's favorite pastimes are to worry the goldfish and to chase an imaginary mouse, and to pretend he has caught it. He tries to look brutal and fierce like his mother did when she caught a mouse, but he only succeeds in looking funny. Then he will look thoughtful and lick his chops wistfully.

By HELEN REA CRAWFORD
aged 13, Winnipeg, Manitoba

and heard the usually genial grocer pound the counter angrily as he spoke to one of the local fishermen.

"Telling me to mind my own business, is he? Humph! Who does he think he is? Just because I asked him what he did with three dozen eggs and ten pounds of potatoes a week. Glory be!"

"Aw, forget it," the fisherman had laughed. "He's probably touchy about his appetite."

The grocer had brushed aside the remark and continued, shaking his finger in the other man's face.

"There's something mighty queer about that man. Why does he have to hide his face behind that big beard? Don't like him and never will."

Mr. Ecks had kept entirely to himself. Gradually the inhabitants of Bayberry Hill had grown accustomed to his eccentric way of living and thought no more about him. They merely labeled him queer.

"Didn't anybody ever visit him?" Judy asked.

"Not that we ever knew. I think Babs, Ronnie, and Dave and I were the only ones who ever got inside his house. He used to call to us once in a while when we were out sailing. Then one day last summer he asked us in. We certainly were surprised."

"Was his house as queer as he?" Judy asked. She remembered that Dave had called it the goofiest kind of a house.

"I didn't think so in the beginning." Jill described her first impression: a dingy living room with a curtained cabinet opposite the door, and a kitchen and a bedroom to the back of the room. Nothing fanciful or startling.

Not until they had been in the place a while had she noticed anything odd. There was no staircase. And yet from the outside the house definitely had two stories.

Mr. Ecks must have read her thoughts as she turned her eyes toward the ceiling, for he had said with a faint smile, "There is no way to get upstairs. That upper floor," he had glanced at her sideways, "was a foolish mistake. You see, I realized too late that never would I have any use for more rooms than what you see down here. So I had the carpenter omit the stairs and board up the windows." He had chuckled softly to himself.

"He reminded me of a mad scientist I once saw in the movies," Dave said as Jill paused.

"Weren't you afraid?" Judy

asked, looking scared herself.

Dave laughed at her alarm. "Oh, he was harmless. Besides, I think he rather liked us. And he certainly was entertaining. He had a lot of magic tricks; and that cabinet Jill was telling you about had a false back to it. He showed it to us."

"Poor man," Judy murmured pityingly. "Wasn't he terribly lonely?"

"Oh, no." Jill's eyes twinkled as she watched the other girl's face. "He had his spirits for company. He called them his friends. He really believed that when he died, he would return to his house and haunt it. And I remember his exact words when he warned us never to set foot on the island after he was gone." She lowered her voice and tried to look fierce. "Woe unto the unfortunate one who dares to desecrate these walls in my presence." She straightened her face and laughed. "But he didn't say what the woe would be. He only tapped his lame foot and said that when he was young and foolish, when he doubted, he had spent a night in a haunted house and had paid for his folly ever since."

"Has anyone seen his ghost in the house?" Judy inquired.

"Of course not," Dave grinned. "Although Tom Jenkins did say he saw weird lights on the island at night. But that doesn't mean anything coming from him; he's always telling tall yarns."

"Look, Judy!" Jill interrupted. "You can see the house now."

She pointed to a dull brown house, supported on piles near the water's edge. On either side jagged rocks and blackened pines rose gaunt and menacing, forming a natural barricade around the island. Only in front of the house, where the sand swept down to the water, was there any sort of landing place for a boat. It would have been impossible for anyone to approach the island without Mr. Ecks' knowledge.

"It does look like a haunted house," Judy said. "I almost expect a witch on a broomstick



"Sure. Gee, thanks, miss," he said to Babs. Did Jill imagine it or was his voice really rather sarcastic?



Suddenly Jill half rose from her seat. "Look!" she cried, pointing toward Deadwood Isle. "A face—at the window!"

to fly out of the chimney. Couldn't we stop and peek in?"

"I've been wanting to do that all summer," Jill said with enthusiasm. "How about it?"

The suggestion received eager approval. It would be a grand lark to explore the house.

"And," Lee said, slowing the engine and nosing the boat toward shore, "we can still make Cedar Island before dark."

The boat secure on the beach, Jill and Judy were the first to rush up the rickety front steps. Expectantly they tried the door, the only means of entrance to the house.

"Seems locked," Jill said, disappointed. "Might have guessed as much."

"We can peek through the window anyway," Babs said, pointing to the one on the front of the house. "It's the only one that isn't boarded up."

Something peculiar about the door caught Judy's attention as they were about to move away from the door.

"Look!" she exclaimed, bend-

ing over. "This is just like a ship's door. It has the same high sill you have to step over or else sprawl on your face."

"That's funny," Jill said. "I never noticed it before. Wonder why he made it that way?"

"Maybe he was afraid of the tides in winter; they rise very high then. But come on," Jill said, dismissing the subject and starting across the porch, "let's try the window. Guess the others didn't see much; they're going back to the boat."

By raising themselves on tip-toe the two girls were able to peer through the dirty glass into what had been Mr. Ecks' living room. Except for the accumulation of dust and cobwebs, the room was just as Jill had remembered. Jill and Judy had a clear view of the entire first floor as the doors to the kitchen and bedroom stood wide open. There was no sign of life anywhere in the house. Which was quite natural, Jill thought as she turned away. "It's nothing but a deserted house and will stay there till it

rots away. Nobody cares about it or has been near it since Sheriff Tompers closed it up." She wondered if that was what Mr. Ecks wanted.

As Judy followed Jill down to the boat, she said, "The first time I've ever seen a haunted house—and there wasn't a ghost in sight."

Jill laughed. "Poor Mr. Ecks I bet he'd be awfully disappointed if he knew how wrong he had been."

As the boat headed toward Cedar Island, Jill gazed idly back toward Deadwood. The sky was ablaze with the last burst of daylight, and the slippery rocks and window panes had caught its reflected glory. For a moment it seemed as though Deadwood Isle were on fire. But the crimson colors did not soften the abandoned look of the place. Instead they created a strangely sinister appearance.

Suddenly Jill half rose from her seat. "Look!" she cried. "A face! Oh—it's gone!"

(To be continued)

What are **BIG BOYS** made of?

And how good are you at the gentle art of managing boys so that they feel no pain?

By ELENA CHANCE
Who Knows Her Do's and Don't's

ARE boys really made of "snips and snails and puppy dogs' tails" or are they godlike creatures created for you to adore? That is the sixty-four-dollar question as far as most girls are concerned. Isn't it true that all the hours you've spent in the past year mooning over, fuming over, thinking about, talking about boys would roll up to an impressive number of girl-hours? Why, in that time you could have studied enough to be an honor student, exercised off that extra weight around your middle, and planted a victory garden.

Instead of that, where are you? Either still gazing dreamily and wistfully from afar at that 1943-model Adonis, or turning up your nose at all males as fiends who exist to torment you, or, like a weather vane, changing as the wind blows.

But no matter how you feel, you know that as long as you live boys and men will be part of your life. And you'll admit that without them life would be pretty cream-puff. Then, instead of complaining about boys for being conceited, rude, pests, drips, why not take them apart and find out what makes them tick so you'll know how to handle them?

Deep down in your heart, you're perfectly aware that boys are neither gods nor devils. They are just human beings like you, with as many doubts, fears, ups and downs as you.



And, like you, they have two selves: their real self, and the self that they show the world.

You don't go around telling everybody and anybody about your high ideals, your day-dreams, and your plans for the future, do you? You pretend to be a little sophisticated when anyone is looking, and you pretend to jeer at what really thrills you. Except for the times when you are with someone who seems really to understand, someone you know won't laugh loudly at that inside self you are protecting so carefully.

Boys are the same. Their loudness, rudeness, and boisterousness is usually cover-up. Unless you prove yourself an understanding person, they won't shed that protective coloring. It all comes back to you. Be honest. Are you "sugar and spice and everything nice"?

And another thing. You are the girl who sets the standards, establishes the pace. Do you take the trouble to make the standard high and the pace a winning one? Why should it be up to girls to do this, you ask? Because it is a very special

female weapon and privilege and it always has been.

The male role since the beginning of time has been to do the battling and to make new frontiers. But to the female goes the credit for insisting on grace and beauty and charm. And that's no weak sister's role! It takes courage to insist on the best and help build it.

Oh, I know. You are thinking about the Rooney boy up the street—Denny of the red hair and freckles, of the teasing grin and heckling manner. "He can't even learn a verb straight," you're sputtering indignantly. "All he can do is make a nuisance of himself. He's no world beater in the making!"

But you're wrong. Underneath Denny's strut and his fresh-as-paint remarks he is full of dreams and ambitions. Have you ever troubled to find out? When he builds model planes, do you sneer at him? When he turns out with his hair slicked down and a tie on, do you make digging remarks? When he mutters something about what he wants to do someday, do you laugh him down?

No wonder he strikes back! No boy is going to begin acting like a dream prince until you acquire some of the manners of a dream princess.

Just remember that all the years of a boy's life, other females—mother, aunts, teachers—have been working on him, and you can carry on the good work or ruin it. Those smooth-mannered gentlemen you admire weren't born that way! Without being a prude, you can help work miracles in a boy's behavior, too. Your methods are what make the difference in results.

Sit hard on your impulse to keep telling Denny how perfectly some other boy dresses, acts, talks, because that will bring out all the contrariness in Denny. Never, never criticize or correct him in front of anyone else. Even though he asks for your honest opinion, try not to be brutally honest. Soften the blow of your disapproval by your way of putting it. Prove to him that you aren't afraid to admit your own mistakes or shortcomings.

On the positive side, keep in mind that if you are understanding, friendly, and well-mannered yourself, you'll get pretty much the same in return. If you are considerate of a boy's feelings, he'll have more regard for yours. If you watch your language, he will check his. If you ignore his off-base comments, instead of snickering at them, he'll change his tune. If you sit, stand, and walk like a lady, you'll find him toeing the mark. But, above all, if you treat him as Somebody, he'll outdo himself to prove you are right in your judgment.

Maybe you feel you won't get to first base with a one-girl campaign? But girls in league can do whatever they want! Round up all the girls in your crowd, in your class, on your block. Discuss the problems you have and plot a course of action to overcome them. Use your brains and ingenuity here. For instance, if your particular problem is the way boys behave at parties, get together and plan different, special parties, with novel games and food, and with goings-on every minute, so that the boys never have a chance for monkey business.

Make rules that are fair to you and to the boys. If all of you keep them, you'll be unbeatable. Take a tip from the Army and make certain places, certain people, and certain doings "out of bounds." (But remember, this is no time for petty feuding!) Rather than be social outcasts, the boys in your set will behave like gentlemen, because you have made it the smart thing to do. You have a weapon ready made. Why not use it for all it is worth?





RIGHT TIPS WAY

By ELIZABETH NICHOLS, Movie Editor

IF we were barking these pictures outside a tent, we'd call them "colossal, stupendous, marrr-velous." But in the more casual language of **CALLING ALL GIRLS**, we'll simply say they are on the beam—every one of them—but smooth!



1—Kathryn Grayson is much more tactful than a sergeant would be in calling attention to Gene Kelly's open shirt collar in "As Thousands Cheer." Maybe she's even angling for the job of keeping Gene's buttons sewed on for life! This delightful musical is photographed in Technicolor and was produced by Joe Pasternak, an artist in lightsome fun. Kathryn has a lovely voice and in the film gives up a concert career to keep house for her father (John Boles) who is Colonel at an Army camp. She puts on a USO show boosting such celebrities as José and Amparo Iturbi. (MGM)

2—Every now and then along comes a film known as a "sleeper"—that is, it hasn't been ballyhooed, its stars aren't as well known as some, but it is so good everybody tells everybody about it and the line forms to the right and clear around the block at the box office! Such a film is "Someone to Remember." Mabel Paige is the sole female occupant of a boys' dormitory at a university through a long-term lease made when the dormitory was an apartment house. She stays on in the hope that her son, once expelled from the university, will return. Meanwhile the boys adore her. John Craven and Dorothy Morris are the young people she particularly befriends because they encourage her dream. (Rep.)

3—Jean Arthur always has the most wonderful luck having good-looking young men practically fall in her lap. In "A Lady Takes a Chance," look what she meets at a rodeo—John Wayne—and he really falls in her lap when he's tossed off his bucking horse! (RKO)



FOR CALLING ALL GIRLS' MOVIE CHOICES

4—"Watch on the Rhine," an engrossing stage play, has been made into an equally thoughtful film telling of the men in Germany who from the beginning of Hitler's rise to power have risked their lives and their children's safety to fight the evils of fascism. Bette Davis gives an honest, moving performance as a devoted wife and mother, submerging herself and her role in order to keep audience interest on what the film has to say through the words and acts of Paul Lukas. (Warner)

5—Bing Crosby looks much as usual in this scene from "Dixie" with Dorothy Lamour and Marjorie Reynolds. But since the film tells the story of the rise of minstrels to popularity and takes them through their heyday, much of the time Bing performs in blackface as Don Emmett, the original minstrel and composer of Dixie. The picture is in Technicolor and period costumes. (Paramount)

6—Nelson Eddy and Susanna Foster sing together for the first time in "The Phantom of the Opera." The story is really a chiller-diller with Claude Rains hiding in the vaults beneath the opera house and scaring everyone, including the audience, whenever he makes a ghost-like appearance. But the music is superb so it's worth a little spine-tingling to hear it, though don't say we did not warn you if you have nightmares! (Univ.)

7—Franz Werfel wrote "The Song of Bernadette" in gratitude for being safely delivered from the Nazis. It is the story, reverently and beautifully told, of the young girl who later became Saint Bernadette because of her visions of the Virgin which led to the building of the famous shrine at Lourdes. The film is made in the same spirit of reverence and poetry as the book. (Fox)

8—Roy Rogers, King of the Cowboys, pops up as a genuine romantic lead in "Song of Texas," but Bob Nolan and the Sons of the Pioneers tag along so Roy doesn't have much chance for dating. "Song of Texas" is a delightful blending of song, comedy, action. (Rep.)



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PICNIC SPECIAL

Eating out of doors is as much a part of summer as sun tan, swimming, and cycling

By JANE RICHARDS, Food Editor

WHAT do boys especially like on picnics, Pete?"

When Mimi and I put that question to Pete we hung practically breathless on his reply. Pete's one of Mim's gang who warms our deck chairs pretty often, and we had all been lolling on the porch.

Pete's answer shot back with a broad grin and just one word. "GIRLS!" he announced—and did we feel good.

You see, Mim and I had been worrying about what to take on picnics now that some of our favorite outdoor fare can't be separated from a ration book. When we thought of the juicy hamburgers and sizzling frankfurters that dripped over our campfire last summer we had really begun to drool. "Even marshmallows are scarce," Mim had moaned sorrowfully. But Pete's loyalty was contagious. Ideas began to percolate around our summer porch like popcorn kernels all deciding to get hot and pop at the same time.

"The sandwich-lemonade-cake kind of picnic used to be

an American institution!" "All you need are mountains of them!" "Can't you combine them with some woodsy food you can still get easily?" "How about taking food that's easy to put in a bicycle basket?"

From then on we were off! One of the first things we discovered was that just as deviled eggs used to be standard picnic fare when Mim's mother was a girl, nowadays different kinds of egg sandwiches can taste heaven-sent outdoors. But once you get a good egg the important thing is to know how to handle it. Cook eggs as we suggested in our May Junior Housekeeping Department or try this new method. Use two cups of rapidly boiling water for one egg and one extra cup for each additional egg. Turn off the heat and lower the eggs into the pot of water slowly. Cover tightly and let them sit there for three-quarters of an hour. Then dunk them in some cold water and peel carefully. From then on you use your imagination with your hard-cooked eggs and add

anything that's not rationed. Try these good egg combinations: Mix mashed hard-cooked eggs, mayonnaise, salt, and pepper with any of the following: chopped celery; chopped green pepper; chopped olives; leftover chopped ham, chicken, fish, or meat; crisp crumbled bacon and chopped tomatoes; chopped pickle or fresh chopped cucumbers; chopped cooked mushrooms; chopped nuts and tomato catsup or chili sauce.

You'll like this drink of Mim's because it uses honey instead of rationed sugar to persuade every single drop of flavor out of lemon. Rinse your vacuum bottle with cold water before you fill it with the chilled drink.

PINK LEMONADE

½ large lemon (about 3 tablespoons lemon juice)
3 tablespoons honey
1 cup cold water
Maraschino cherry juice

1—Get out ingredients listed above and utensils needed: squeezer; sharp knife; measuring spoons and cup; tall glass; mixing spoon.

2—Squeeze lemon juice and pour into tall glass. Add honey.

3—Add cold water and enough maraschino juice to color. Stir until honey is entirely dissolved.

4—Add ice cubes just long enough to chill. Serves 1.

Mim's gang says cupcakes are super on picnics. You can wrap each one individually

ORANGE MARMALADE CUPCAKES

1 cup sifted, self-rising cake flour
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup shortening
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup orange marmalade
 1 egg
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water
 2 tablespoons finely chopped nuts

1—Get out ingredients listed above and utensils needed: sifter; measuring cups and spoons; mixing bowls and spoons; spatula; nut chopper; muffin pan with 6 large sections.

2—Grease 6 large sections of a muffin pan. Chop and measure nuts. Prepare oven.

3—Sift, then measure 1 cup self-rising cake flour. Set to one side.

4—Cream shortening; add sugar gradually, creaming it in well. Add orange marmalade and mix well.

5. Add egg and beat until mixture is fluffy. Stir in lightly half the water and flour. Repeat.

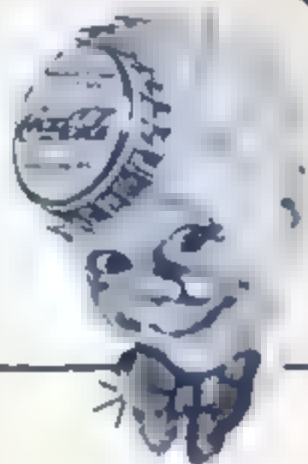
6. Fill each muffin pan section about $\frac{2}{3}$ full. Sprinkle each cupcake with a teaspoon of chopped nuts and bake at 350° F. for 20 to 25 minutes, or until toothpick inserted in center of cupcake comes out clean. Let stand for a few moments before removing from pans.

When it comes to woodsy food try a marvelous outdoor dessert called Bonfire Apples. Make them this way: Char the end of a sharpened stick; then plunge it into cold water if possible. Spike an apple on this stick, and roast until the skin peels off easily. Roll the apple in brown sugar. Then hold it over the coals and turn slowly until the sugar candies.

Mimi says if you really want a last surprising touch for a Box Picnic, bring an assortment of lollipops. For if ever there was a time to loll over them it's lying around on the grass or the sand after everyone's satisfyingly full. Just try it!

For information describing how to cook over a campfire and what, send a stamped addressed envelope to the Junior Housekeeping Department, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, 17, N. Y.

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 MINUTES."



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 FOR A PAUSE."

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 COCA-COLA."

"I'VE BEEN
 LONGING FOR
 THIS MOMENT."



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5¢

You can SAIL through life

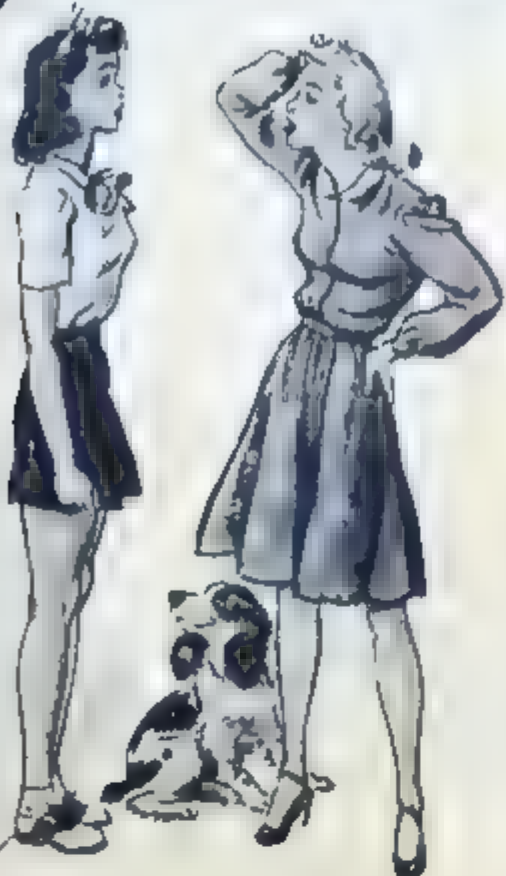
Take it from this famous designer, the basis of being attractive—of looking well in your clothes—is standing up straight

By ELIZABETH HAWES

Author of "Good Grooming" and "Fashion Is Spinach"

your spine until it's against the wall from the lowest tip to the base of your neck. Relax your arm and shoulder muscles completely. Let the back of your head touch the wall. The back of your neck won't touch, and don't try to make it do so. The only muscles which have to work to make your back straight are those you feel moving when you do the tummy-pulling-in and spine-pushing-back act that we've described.

Now, not one person in a thousand can make the center of his or her back touch the wall on the first try. But don't start bending your knees or putting your heels out from the wall and leaning your body back against it. That won't help straighten your spine. Maybe the first day you'll be able to stick your whole fist in between the middle of your back and the wall. But if you do the exercise for five or ten



No wonder the pup gazes proudly at his mistress. He can see that she's no slouch!

THERE is no one of "America's best-dressed women" who doesn't have good posture. In fact, if you stop to analyze the famous stars of screen, stage, and high society, you'll find it's the way they carry their bodies that makes everybody look at them when they enter a room. What they happen to have on is absolutely secondary.

Sad to relate, the vast majority of American women sag through life. And even sadder to see are the young girls whose muscles are still in perfectly good condition but who are just too lazy to take advantage of the fact and make those muscles do their work. You can take the center of the stage any place by going to town on the following exercises. I'm not saying it's a cinch to train your muscles. I'm just saying it's the best and least expensive way to be attractive.

Keep your spine straight. Stand with your back to a wall, preferably one with no baseboard. The back of your heels must touch the wall. Pull in your tummy and push back



Two minutes of this a day, keeps sagging stomach muscles away.

minutes every single day, in a week or two you'll have a tough time getting your little finger between your spine and the wall.* Your spine doesn't just stay straight once you've got it that way, however. You have to keep after it, just as you brush your teeth every day.

Don't worry about pulling in your chin or throwing back your shoulders. When your spine is straight, your chin goes in and your shoulders go back automatically. If you use your neck muscles to pull in your chin and your shoulder muscles to pull in your back, you will only get a rigid look, like a toy soldier.

Of course, worry and ill health will make any gal slump. If you find you're having real trouble straightening up, go and have a thorough physical examination. Maybe you're lacking one of those little vitamins so vital to a full-blown glamour girl.

Keep your stomach muscles elastic. Here's an exercise which makes it easy to keep your tummy in. Lie with your fanny on the edge of your bed, with your legs stuck out parallel to the floor. Without bending your knees, slowly raise your legs up at right angles to your body and then, slowly, lower them until your heels just don't touch the floor; then raise your legs—lower them.

You can do this exercise only a few times. It's nice and quick! Two minutes a day will keep your stomach muscles as strong as new, tough, elastic. It's a lot handier to have your elastic right inside you than to rely on buying it in a store. Moreover, the more you use your muscles, the more elastic they get. If you begin to rely entirely on a girdle, your muscles ultimately sag.

One more word. It's easy to stand straight and walk well with your feet on the ground. It is extremely difficult to stand straight if you're perched up on high heels. So it's a good idea to invest in low-heeled shoes and start now to make a habit of sailing through life.



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Let's Talk Things Over

By ALICE BARR GRAYSON

My mother tells me I'm self-conscious but I don't know what to do about it. I try to be as friendly as I can. I would like to get acquainted with people but I don't know how to go about it, or what to say.—Jeannine C., aged 14, Ohio.

FEELING conscious of self in the teen years is entirely normal. It should encourage Jeannine to realize that some girls just do find it easier than others to get acquainted quickly, but this does not mean that the speedier sisters are the most successful socially—in the long run. Jeannine probably has special talents and achievements with which other girls may have their troubles.

Usually there's nothing in the world like an outgoing interest in people to help break the ice. Jeannine probably knows this, but perhaps she does not always find it easy to express—in words and deeds—her very sincere feeling for others. She will need continued effort and practice in developing what we sometimes call social skills and graces. And every little victory or success is one more step in the right direction. Some girls start slowly but surely getting to know one or two girls and boys and, as this little circle widens, they find they can go along on this fine momentum.

Jeannine might put as much pep and warmth as possible into her greetings to others. Real smiles and genuine friendliness show through, even when one is timid about words. Another suggestion might be to start talking about simple things which are mutually familiar and interesting—movies, books read, school happenings, war news of interest to young folks, or even how becoming a new hair-do or how clever a gadget is. If a girl knows a friend of hers is hav-

ing some interesting new experience, or someone in her family has gone away, or there are summer plans in the offing—these things can start the conversational ball rolling nicely. Of course, it isn't necessary to talk too much. Some people like thoughtful silences, and friends often understand one another even without words.

Doing certain things well—having hobbies, being skilled with some musical instrument or on the skating rink, dressing becomingly and appropriately, having a good sense of humor, being a good listener—such things, too, help to develop self-confidence. And it is certainly important not to be too touchy or too easily offended or hurt. There are times when a certain degree of restraint can be most attractive, too. Jeannine may be sure that as she does more worthwhile things, learns more, lives longer, develops interests, enjoys folks, she will find that she has more and more to think—and to talk—about.

I have a friend who is in the habit of talking very loudly in

AIRING problems usually brings comfort and practical suggestions. Won't you write and tell Alice Barr Grayson what's on your mind? If you sign your complete name and address (they won't be printed), and state your age, a personal reply will be sent you—unless, of course, your problem or one just like yours is answered in this department. Write to Mrs. Grayson, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, 17, N.Y.

The girl with the voice of Bugle Ann embarrasses her friends and annoys others.



public. This attracts attention and people always stare at us. This is very embarrassing.—Doris R., aged 12, New York.

WE have had quite a number of letters very much like this one from Doris. Since she's a real friend she wants to bring out the best in her pal.

But none of us wants to be accused of trying to reform our friends. We love them for themselves—different from us though they may be; and often that very difference makes them all the more exciting and attractive.

Perhaps when the girls are together sometimes in a public place, Doris could ask, "Don't you think that maybe we're being a bit conspicuous? Are we talking too loud?" Humor, too, in a kind way, always helps—and so does sharing the responsibility of group behavior. Doris' friend might not know that she sometimes attracts undue attention and, realizing how much voices count in making a good impression, she'd be glad to have help, if offered graciously, in sort of getting on to herself. It's harder for some girls—the naturally peppy kind—to talk slowly and quietly.

We all enjoy listening to soft, pleasant tones and to those whose habits of speech are good. After all, the movie stars and fine actresses we admire most work very hard on their voices—as well as their manner, posture, dramatic ability.

Possibly a public speaking or a radio club could be organized in the school to which Doris and her friend go or in a neighborhood center, for the development of fine voice.

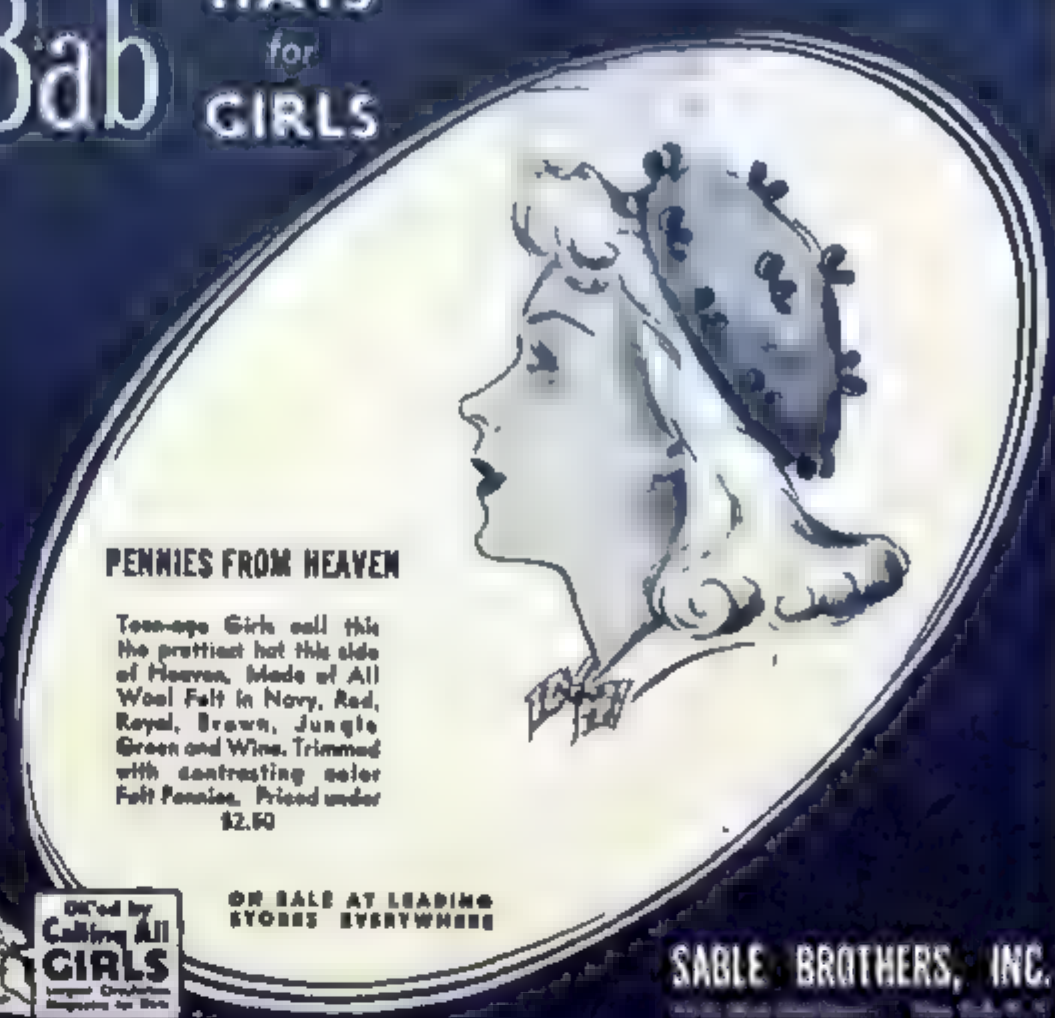
I've always been the baby of the family and had all the attention. After my sister was born seven months ago, my mother and father haven't paid much attention to me.—Matilda D., aged 13½, Massachusetts.

MATILDA may be sure that practically every sister-of-a-new-baby has sometimes felt as she does. It isn't always easy to learn to share the love and affection of one's parents.

The important thing is to understand these feelings, to learn to control them (for no one really wants to harm a baby), and to grow to feel tenderness and love which are deep and strong enough to make the less pleasant emotions disappear.

The kind of attention babies get is very different from that which older children may enjoy. Older children do not need the same kind of physical care. They are ready to be more independent and have learned to do a great many things for themselves. Babies are helpless and inexperienced. They are lucky indeed if they have big sisters to help care for them, from whom they may learn. Doing things for babies as well as with them creates mutual love, too. Perhaps Matilda can talk with her mother and father about ways in which she might help care for her little sister. And her parents may want to plan, too, for special things which she might do with them or with her friends—things for which the baby is not ready. Parents and older children can enjoy one another in special ways.

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Family Ties



Sweater Spice



Make a Jive Jumper out of your dad's old neckties. It's the latest teen fad. Send stamped, addressed envelope (large size) for free sewing instructions, to Fashion Dept., CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, 17, N. Y.

Did you know that felt appliques now come packaged, complete with stencil design, all ready to sew on? Tonic for ailing sweaters and last year's dresses. There's a big variety of designs. "Rady-Cut" appliques by Ruzot

SHERRY STRIKES A NEW NOTE

(Continued from page 10)

Get the boat in the water—start the engine."

Sherry said, "We won't get far."

The big man growled something she did not hear and started toward her. Lois cried out. Sherry took a step backward. And then, suddenly, she stopped, looked past him.

On the crest of the nearest dune, staring at the back of the slowly advancing man, was Dick Keene in rolled-up dungarees and sweater. He looked more handsome off the screen than he did on it. His eyes moved from the big man's figure to Sherry's, then back to the gun hand of the intruder, who had halted a few feet from Sherry.

And even as he moved forward in a half crouch the big man sensed there was someone behind him. He swung around. Lois screamed in a smothered voice and Keene leaped forward, his arms outstretched. The big man staggered under the force of the impact, but he did not go down. He battered at Keene with his left fist, using it like a club.

But Keene was quick on his feet. He leaped for a second time as Sherry cried hoarsely, "The gun!"

And this time Keene got a grip on the arm of the big man, struck at him swiftly with his free hand. The big man rocked under the blow. He was trying to get his gun arm free now, and he was using his left fist again and again. But Keene was fighting fiercely. They went to their knees in the sand.

The weight of the big man seemed to be telling. He landed a hard blow on the right side of Keene's head, and the smaller man staggered. The big man jerked his right arm free.

Sherry cried out, "Look out for the gun!"

Once more Keene sprang from the sand, striking savagely and with almost incredible speed at the big man's gun

(Continued on page 40)

Miss
Coroteen
says:



Puggy

Snazzy "woof-woof"
in wood with cutest
gift dog collar, dangle
ing a red heart.

Hi-Jinks

Cuts fancy taper.
Melted ice-cream
colored glass and plastic
movable parts.



Hep-Cats

Super-dupers. Green-eyed
reptilian fallies of potent
and alligator-type leathers.



Scotties

Very plush—very
doggy. Mated
in Black 'n White.



Skipper

Rare. Yellow
plastic with
clear amber bow
under his chin.

COROTEENS
by Coro Inc.

You'll stand out from the mob in these Snazzy Pin-Gas

47 West 34th Street

New York, N.Y.

Things To Look Forward To In CALLING ALL GIRLS

out about the first of every month

JANGOS!

These teen-age nurses' aides re-
lieve overworked nurses in hospitals.

SHE TRAVELED THE UNDERGROUND

The true story of Adeline Gray, the
only white woman who has escaped
from Japanese-occupied territory.

And many more fine features
of fun, facts, and fiction!



IT'S AN OPEN SECRET

Everybody knows many
things people do to "im-
prove" their teen-age
skins only make them
worse. Picking at a
peaky surface pimple or minor blotch—that's
bad. Coat each pimple with Poslam instead. Girls
can powder right over Poslam; boys can leave it
on overnight. Through two generations, Poslam's
nothing MEDICATION has brought prompt,
joyful relief to thousands, on doctors' recom-
mendations. Only 50¢, at druggists. FREE: Gen-
erous sample, write postcard to Poslam, Dept.
9-K, 254 W. 54 St., N. Y. C.

POSFLAME

Some odds and ends
Plus imagination
Make a new accessory
A real sensation

Gadgets for Girls

New Twists for Old Tricks—You've been painting the saddles of your brown and white saddle shoes with nail polish for a long time. How about fixing up the white part? The smart thing to do these days is to camouflage the old brown and whites. Paint the fronts and backs with regular oil paints in various colors and various designs in the best Army and Navy style of camouflage.—*Maud Hull, West New Brighton, N. Y.* Lots of girls are wearing teaspoon bracelets around their wrists, but have you heard about wearing salt-spoon rings on your fingers? Bend the tiny salt spoon into a ring and you'll find you have a very smooth set.—*Mary Frances Duncan, Rushville, Ind.*



Button Business—If you have

lull, old blouse trouble, try peppering up the offender with new buttons. For instance, take a large, plain white button and place a smaller colored button in the center. Sew through both and it will look like a very expensive trick button.—*Joan Alice Safir, Mount Vernon, N. Y.* War stamps make attractive and patriotic buttons. Glue them on large wooden buttons, then shellac them.—*Betty Belch, Pierce City, Mo.*

Stop that Door—You'll want to keep your door open on these hot summer nights, so here's a doorstep that's fun to make. Fill a ginger ale or milk bottle with sand. Stuff a little cloth bag and paint a face on it for a head. Tie the head over the neck of the bottle. Put a drawstring dress on

the bottle and perhaps a shawl over the head, and your bottle-lady will mind the door for you.—*Irby D. Davis, Sumter, S. C.*

From Shower to Shower—If there's an unwanted shower curtain around your house, you practically have a new rain cape. Cut the curtain to size (your size) and trim the edges with rickrack. Make several ties of the rickrack down the front to fasten the cape.—*Mary Jane Wheeler, Edwardsville, Ill.*

\$1 will be paid for each Gadget for Girls published

SEND as many Gadgets as you like, with or without rough drawings. Neatness, art work, literary style do not count. Gadgets are chosen for originality and for probable interest to other girls. State your full name, address, age. Address Gadgets for Girls, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, 17, N. Y. All entries become the property of CALLING ALL GIRLS. They cannot be acknowledged or returned.

SHERRY STRIKES A NEW NOTE

(Continued from page 39)

hand. And this time the blow told—the gun spun from the man's grip. But Keene was underneath the other one now; he was down. Huge fists were battering at his body, his face.

And then, suddenly, Keene had his arms locked around the other's body. They were rolling in the sand—and the movie star was putting all his power in that roll—toward the water!

The wind swayed Sherry—she took her eyes from the struggling men—moved toward the gun. In a flash she had it in her fingers, straightened up.

The two men were in the lake now, and the big one was underneath. He was gasping for air. Dick Keene was in condition. It was all over in a few seconds—there was no more fight in his opponent when he jerked the big head out of the water, dragged him to the sand.

Sherry moved quickly to Keene's side. She held out the

gun. The movie star was sucking in deep breaths of air.

"Nice going, kid," he said slowly, taking the gun.

The big man groaned. Sherry said, "There's some rope in the boat."

Keene chuckled. "You think of everything," he told her. "Okay—get it."

The big man was silent as the movie star tied him securely. When he straightened up Keene drew a deep breath, narrowed his eyes on Sherry.

"Did you give that South Sea yell of mine?" he demanded.

Sherry nodded. "And you heard it?" she asked, grinning.

"Heard it!" His smile was wide and nice. "They must have heard it in Hollywood! That's what we say is 'calling them wide,' miss. I had to see who could imitate me like that. And we got a tough gent here in-the bargain."

Sherry said, "The police want him?"

Keene put an arm on her left shoulder. "Yeah—he broke out of the county prison. Maybe you'll get a reward."

Sherry shook her head. "You fought him and you got him." She spoke softly. "That was enough reward for me."

Keene grunted. "You had his gun—and that victory cry did the trick of getting me here. Want to call it even?"

He extended a browner, wet hand and Sherry grasped it. Keene drew himself up. "Here we go—together!"

Sherry threw back her head and the wind swept the victory cry from the lips of both of them. Sherry suddenly felt bigger, even, than Gloria Vane. Gloria starred opposite Dick Keene in pictures. But this was different and much more thrilling. Sherry had played opposite him in the real thing.

HAVE FUN WITH

Platter
Hep to the Jive
Ticky
Super Solid
Moola Geetchy
A Heat Brodie
Boot
5th Avenue
Sweet Stuff
Relief Man
Drizzle
Classy Chassi
Boonie
Door Mats
Pardon
Dracula
Gleep

Scribble Togs

COTTON raincoats and hats make good reading when singer Frank Sinatra autographs 'em. The two lucky gals are Josephine Stefanow and Marian Reed, high schoolers from Hartford, Conn.



Keep your friends' autographs in a label Scribble Book. Make one with felt covers or buy one like this.



Autographs and Jabberwocky are still the fad on Zelon processed cotton rainwear and 'kerchiefs. Visor and shield rain hat by Babs, fringed 'kerchief by Glentex. The great "Swoonatra" signs Josephine's gleaming white black-out coat.

Collect initials around your wrist. Caro's sterling silver friendship links, 25c each.



Petiteen

FOR THE GIRL TOO OLD FOR 7 to 14's
TOO SMALL TO WEAR TEEN SIZES



A "solid sender" that will be your ticket when observed in this "honey" of a spun rayon and wool flannel two-piece Petiteen outfit. Styled for the small teen "bundle" who wants big teen sophistication in her clothes. Colors: aqua, gold, shrimp red, lime green, buttercup, blue. Sizes 10-12-14. Retail about \$9.00.

Ann Lewis Shops

O'Connor Moffat	Famous Barr
San Francisco, Cal.	St. Louis, Mo.
Stern Bros.	Strauss Hirschberg
New York, N. Y.	Youngstown, Ohio

IF YOU THINK it takes a pot o' gold to dress up your room, you're way off the beam. All you need is imagination, a sense of humor, a paint brush, and a little paint. And you can take it on no less an authority than Peter Hunt, the well-known artist, who has developed a simple technique for transforming ugly-duckling furniture into useful and attractive pieces. You will be amazed and delighted at what you can make out of cast-off pieces that may be gathering dust in the attic or cellar. Just disregard what the piece was used for originally, and let your present needs determine how you will use it. Here are several transformations that should set your imagination in a dither, and the cost of personalizing with paint won't overstrain your allowance. So grasp your paint brush firmly—and have fun.

Three useful and attractive pieces were made out of the old combination bookcase-desk, above, by sawing off the legs and desk portion, and trimming off the mirror. A board, cut to match the slant of the hinged front, was attached to make the left side of the desk. The two bottom drawers were removed and the drawer shelf sawed in a semi-circle, with a keyhole saw, to obtain leg space. Even if you can't find a similar piece to rejuvenate here's a swell idea for painting your present desk.



You may need Dad's help with the carpentry, but the painting is easy. What could be more appropriate than to decorate your desk with a painted envelope?



A good-looking shadow-box wall shelf adds zest to any room and, hung in pairs, gives that decorator's touch. They're easily made out of picture frames and wooden boxes. Space the shelves evenly in the box, and then fasten box onto frame. Paint it white. For accent, paint some of the carvings in the same colors as the objects which will be displayed on the shelves.

PAINT-POT

A pink curtain is painted on the inside of the glass door of the bookcase section which has been converted into a linen closet. The mirror now makes a dandy wall shelf.

4 Easy Steps Assure Painting Success

FIRST—Prepare the surface for painting (most important).

SECOND—Apply Undercoater (white) as a base.

THIRD—Apply Enamel (17 colors, black and white) for background and larger areas which will get the most wear.

FOURTH—Apply decorations with Harrison Oil Colors.

MAKE sure the surface is clean and dry. Remove oil, grease, and furniture polish by wiping with a cloth saturated with turpentine. Where wax has been used, repeat several times to make sure it is completely removed. Follow immediately with a clean cloth, wiping until the surface is dry. Old paint, in good condition, need not be removed before repainting; merely sandpaper the paint lightly to dull gloss, then dust. If finish is chipped or partly cracked, remove finish to bare wood. Be sure paints are stirred thoroughly. If pigment has settled to the bottom of the container, pour off the liquid into a clean container. Stir paint thoroughly, then gradually replace the liquid previously poured off, stirring constantly until all is returned. All pieces illustrated were painted with DuPont Duco, and these instructions apply to Duco products. Be sure to read and follow directions on the containers.

For free instructions on make-over decoration, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Maxine Livingston, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, 17, N. Y.



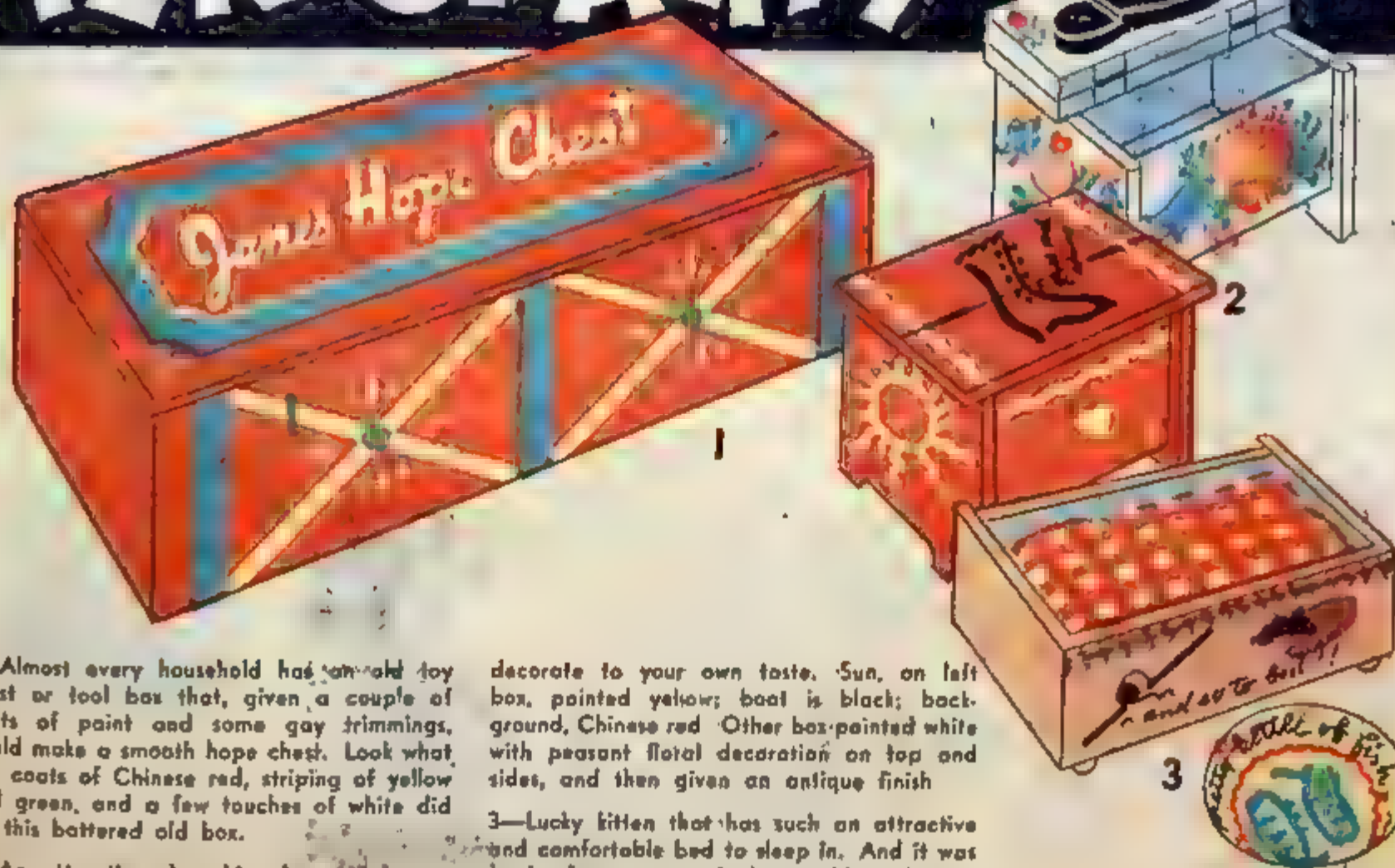


DECORATING IN PETER HUNT'S MANNER

REVIEW the sampler step by step and you will see how easy it is to make charming designs. Practice these simple strokes and note how the combinations of strokes form the designs. Don't hurry your painting. Let each stage of your designs dry sufficiently so that a fresh spot of paint won't pick up the previous color. This will keep the designs clean and sparkling. You don't have to make perfect designs. Don't be too precise or exacting. The most treasured and most beautiful museum pieces are not exact or machine-made in appearance. The personality and charm of these designs lie in their very inexactness.

PERSONALITY

By MAXINE LIVINGSTON
Authority on Decorating



1—Almost every household has an old toy chest or tool box that, given a couple of coats of paint and some gay trimmings, would make a smooth hope chest. Look what two coats of Chinese red, striping of yellow and green, and a few touches of white did for this battered old box.

2—An attractive shoe-shine box will be an added incentive to "rise and shine." Ask your brother to make the box in his manual training class, or buy an unpainted one, then

decorate to your own taste. Sun, on left box, painted yellow; boot is black; background, Chinese red. Other box painted white with peasant floral decoration on top and sides, and then given an antique finish.

3—Lucky kitten that has such an attractive and comfortable bed to sleep in. And it was made from a seemingly worthless drawer. Duco brown, on a buff background, was used for the border, motto, and also for sleeping Puss who is ignoring the mousetail in the hole.

ALL EYES ON YOU

A NEW term means new work, new fun—and new clothes. Of course, this year you're going to make as many of last year's clothes do as you can. But—you will need some new things—and we do mean new! All eyes will certainly be on you when you break out in any of these strictly 1943 gems.

Confetti Colors for your "Separates"

CONFETTI "SEPARATES"

—We've keyed our "separates" to Hi-Girl's Confetti nubbed sweater. It's a collector's piece, if we ever saw one! Wear it with Derby's Confetti plaid skirt or corduroy slacks. Top it with Derby's smooth blazer jacket (big for fall). And don't forget to juggle some woolly shirts, like our red or plaid numbers, when you're doing your mix-and-match tricks! A bewitchin' felt beanie with Confetti tassels and Confetti jewelry by Tween Age, also of felt, are suggestions for gadget-minded gals. See the sweater, beanie, and "jools" on our front cover this month on Pat Geoghan.

Pick a Jumper that Sizzles

SIZZLIN' JUMPER—"Give us something new in a jumper" asked our Hi-Style Scouts. Well, here it is in corduroy, your favorite fabric, with dirndl-ish skirt, sweetheart neckline, and giddy felt posies. Wear it with all your pet shirts.

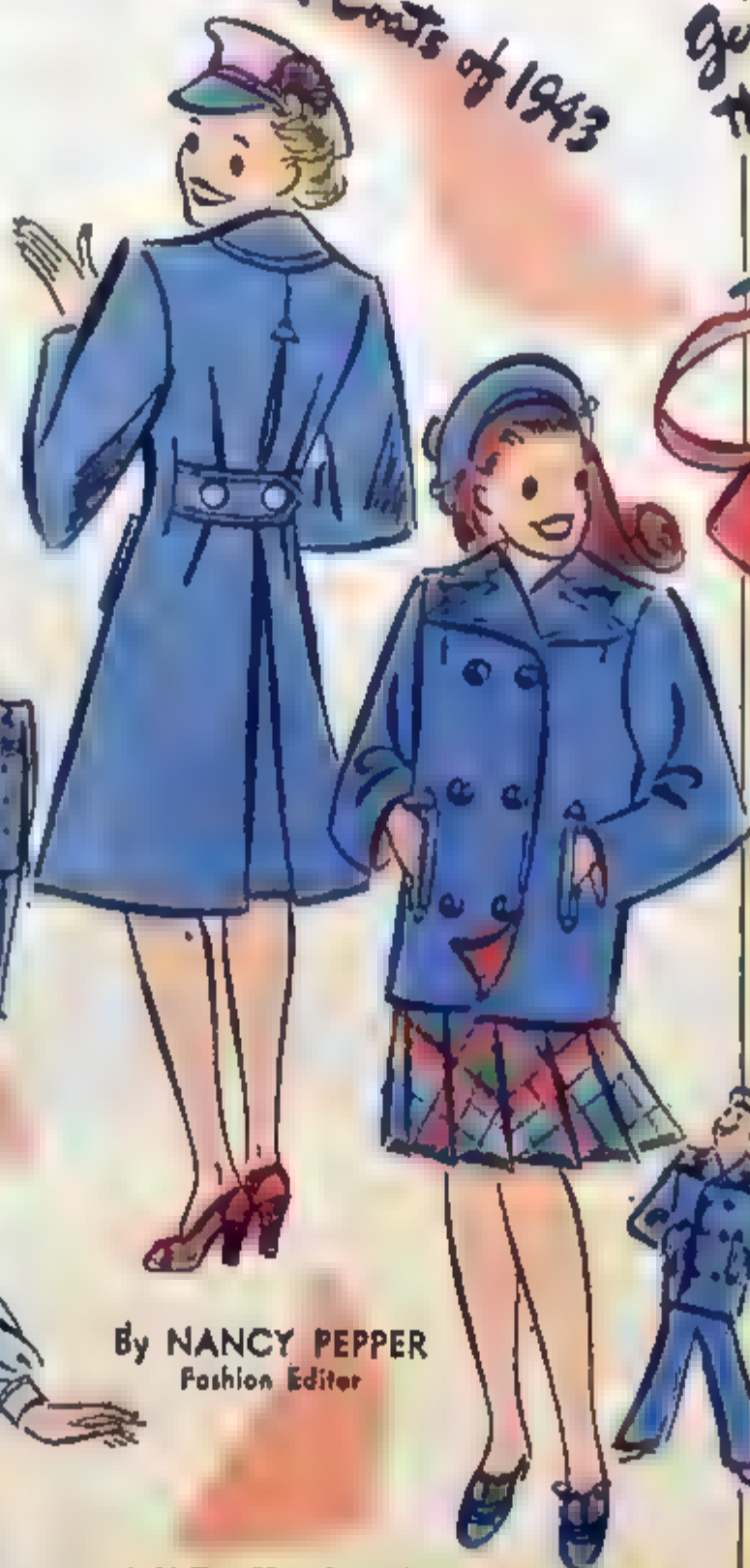
SHARPEST SUIT—It's Male Robbery, that's what it is! We've copied the dual-fabric jackets that all your dream men have been wearing. This version combines wool plaid sleeves and collar with corduroy, and there's a corduroy skirt to match it.

Sharpest Suit of The Season

GOING BACK TO SCHOOL!

Salute The Hit Coats of 1943

WE SALUTE—And so will you, when you see the coats we've borrowed from the Army and Navy for your school wardrobes. At left, the officer's coat in navy blue fleece, lined with red. Watch it climb to Number 1 place on your Teen Fashion Hit Parade! One of those visored military hats is perfect with it. Of course, "Boy" coats and Chesterfields are still going strong, but wouldn't you like to be first with the officer's coat? Then, with a bow to the Navy, here's the teen version of the "pea" jacket, in navy wool, with quilted Aralac interlining. Of course, a pomponned beret in red and blue with it!



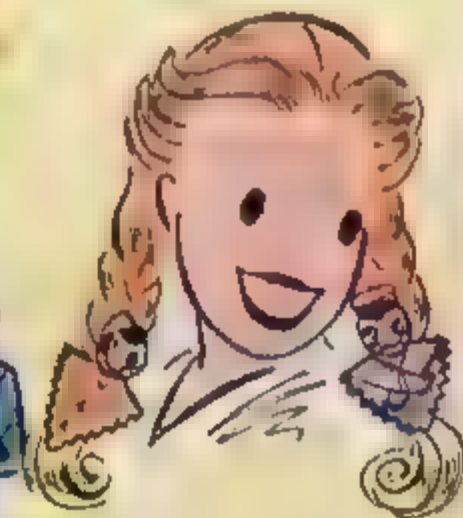
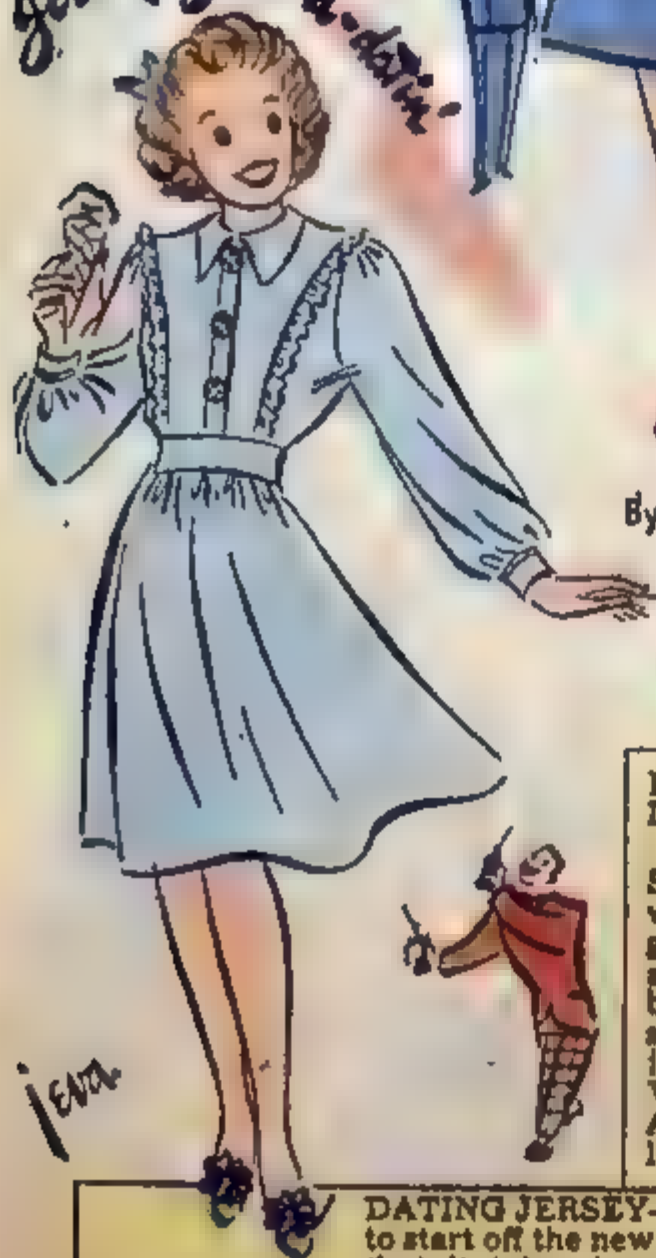
By NANCY PEPPER
Fashion Editor

Gems from
The Gadgeteria



Felt hat and drawstring bag, keen exclamation points for any outfit. About \$4 the set.

Jersey Goes a-datin'



Be true to the Army and the Navy with pigtail pins by Tween Age. About 59c each.

LOOK FOR 'EM IN THE TEEN DEPARTMENTS

All fashions in teen sizes, 10 to 16. Some also 7 to 14. Take these pages with you shopping. Practically every good Teen Department will have similar styles at prices within teen budgets. If you don't find them, send stamped addressed envelope to Fashion Dept., CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, 17, N. Y. At Namm's in Brooklyn, N. Y., and leading stores everywhere.

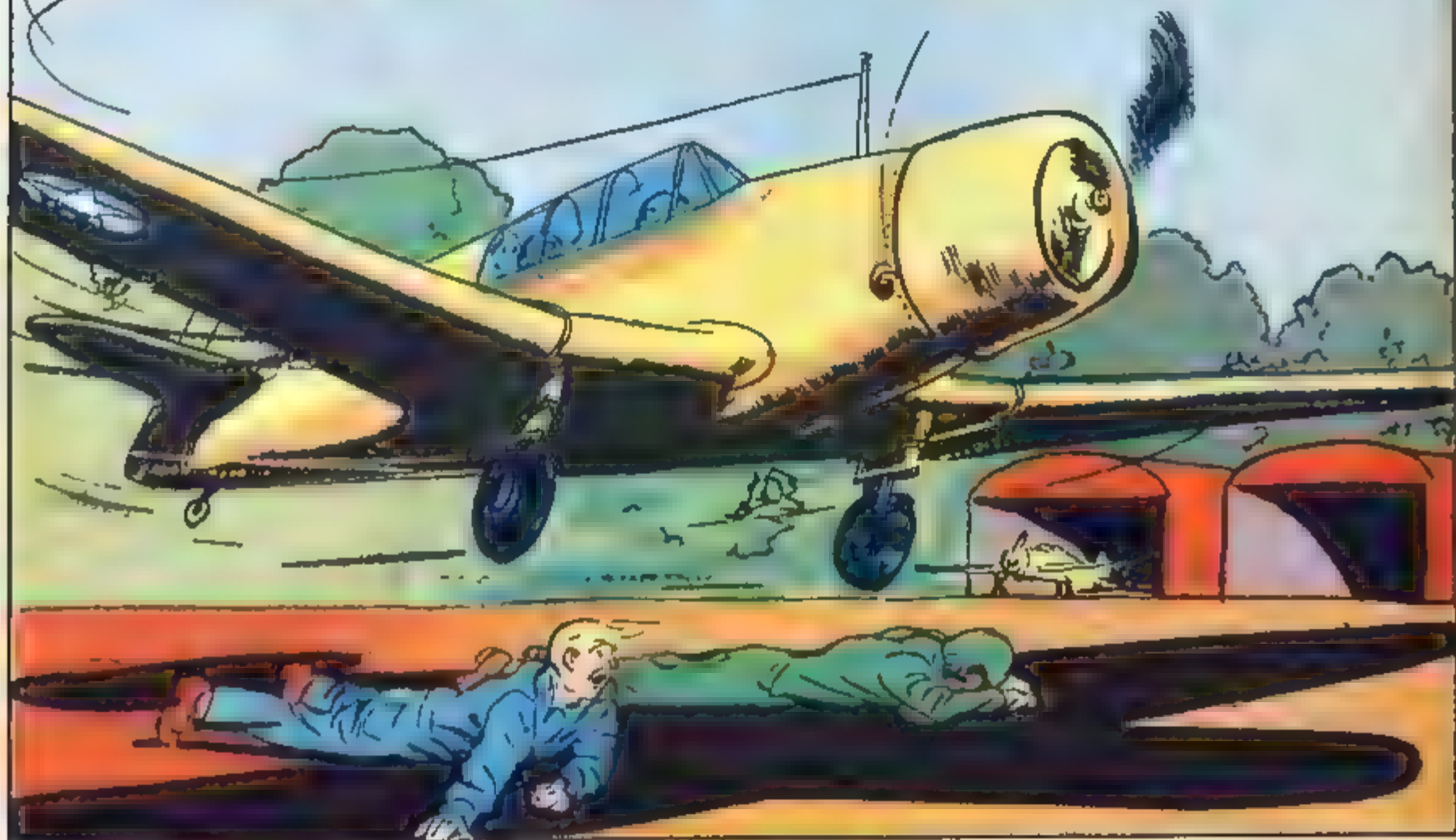
DATING JERSEY—Yessir, Jersey bounces up again to start off the new season. This one has everything that it takes to make a hit with you—pinafare ruffles, dreamy colors, tricky buttons, set-in waistline, softly shirred skirt. Date-bait, but definitely!

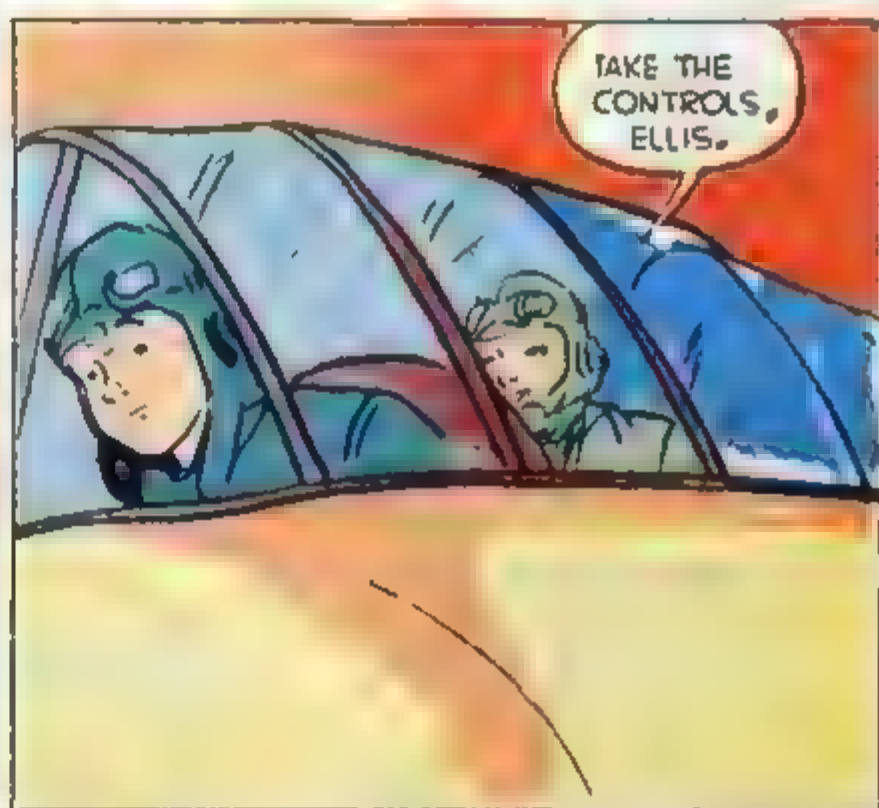
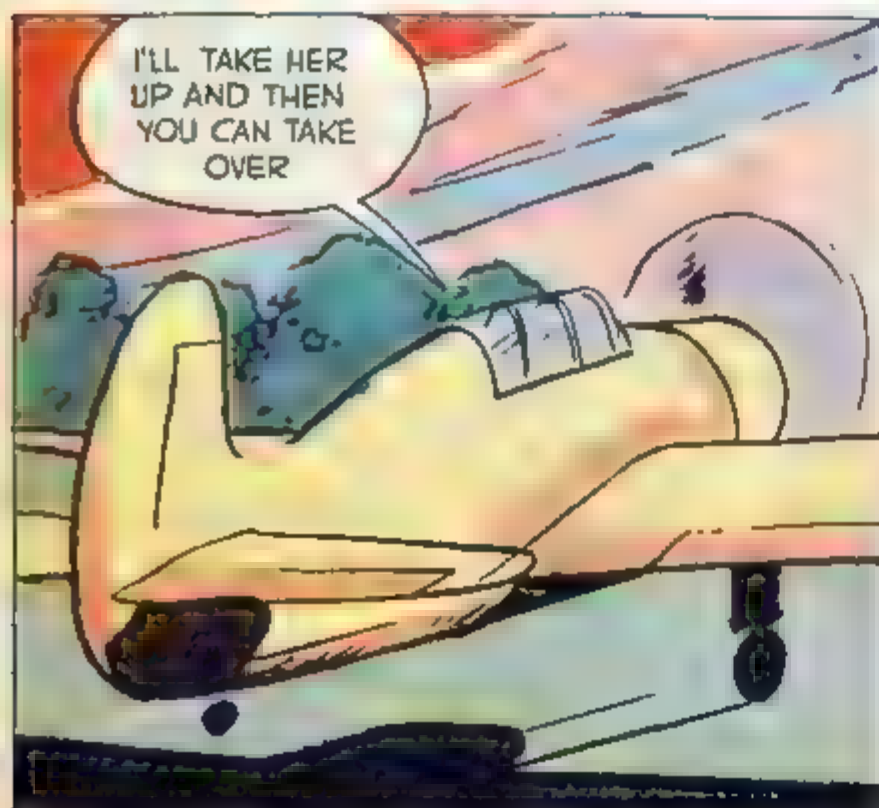
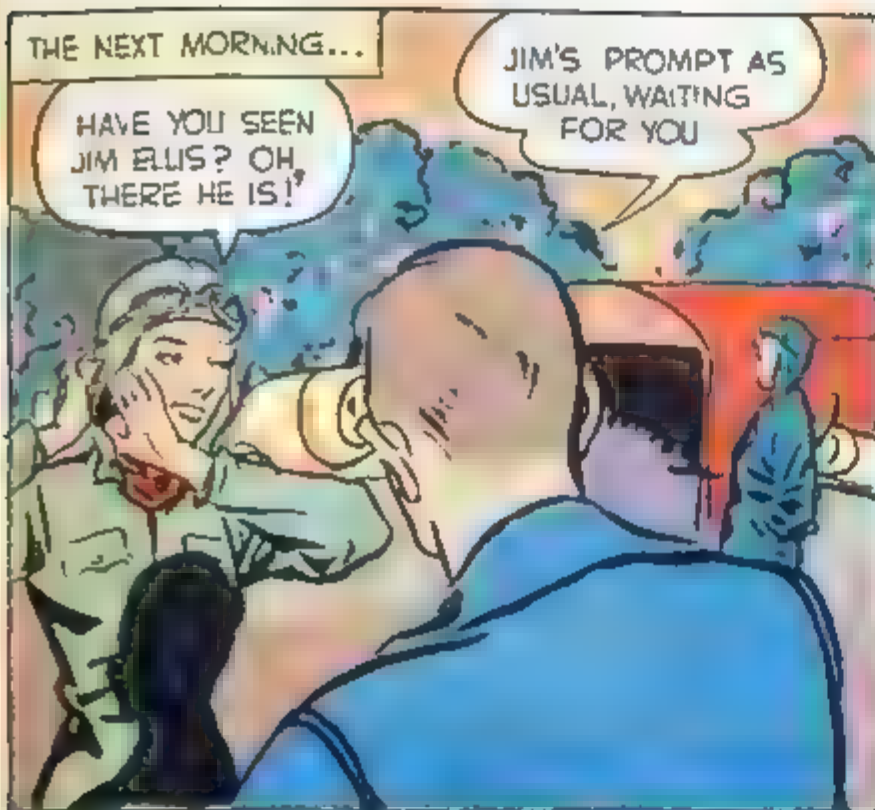


Military stripes for shirt and hair bows by Sherman. Pick school colors. About 59c each.

JUDY WING

THE INSTRUCTOR IS TAKEN FOR A RIDE





MEANWHILE, DOWN BELOW AT THE AIRPORT..

HAVE YOU SEEN MISS WING?

SHE AND ELLIS JUST WENT UP.

BUT-BUT...

YOU! YOU CAN'T BE HERE. YOU'RE UP THERE!

AND LOOK AT THE WAY YOU'RE FLYING!

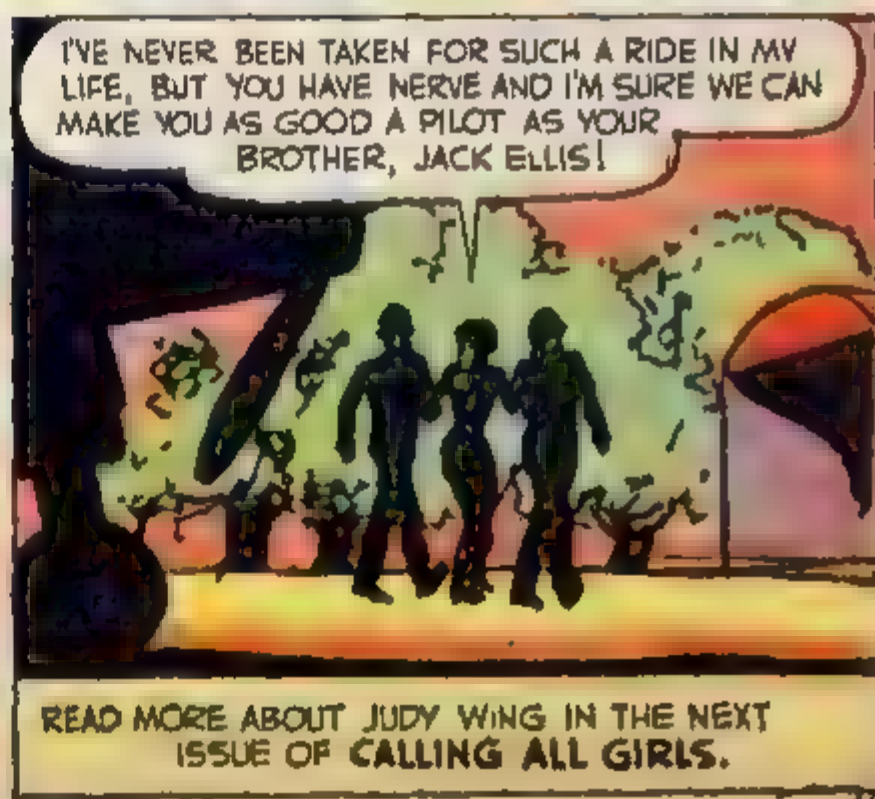
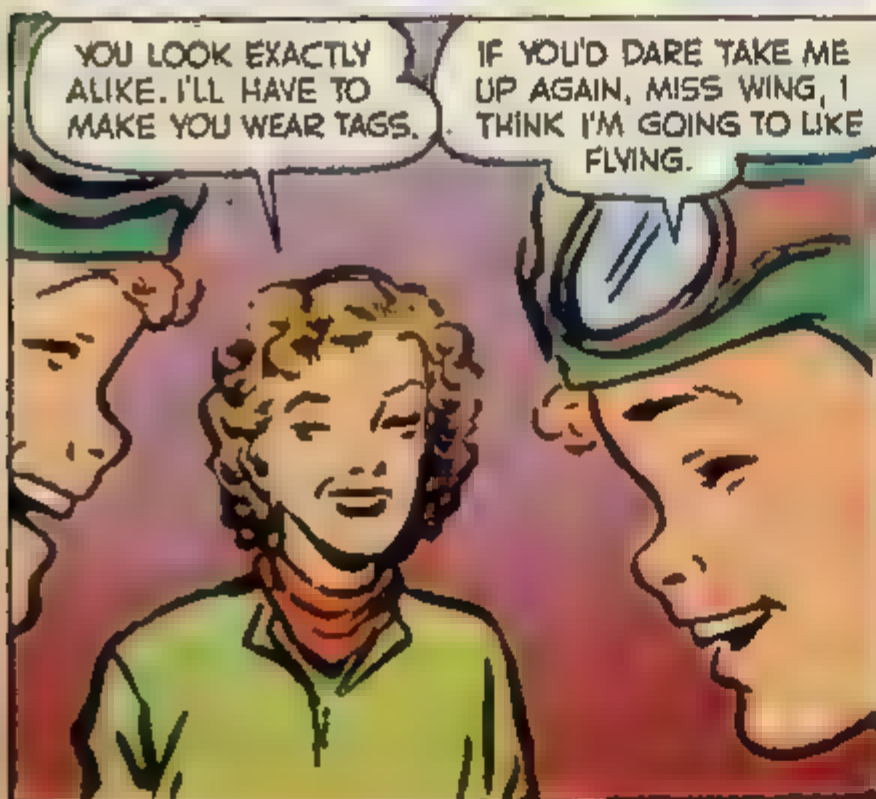
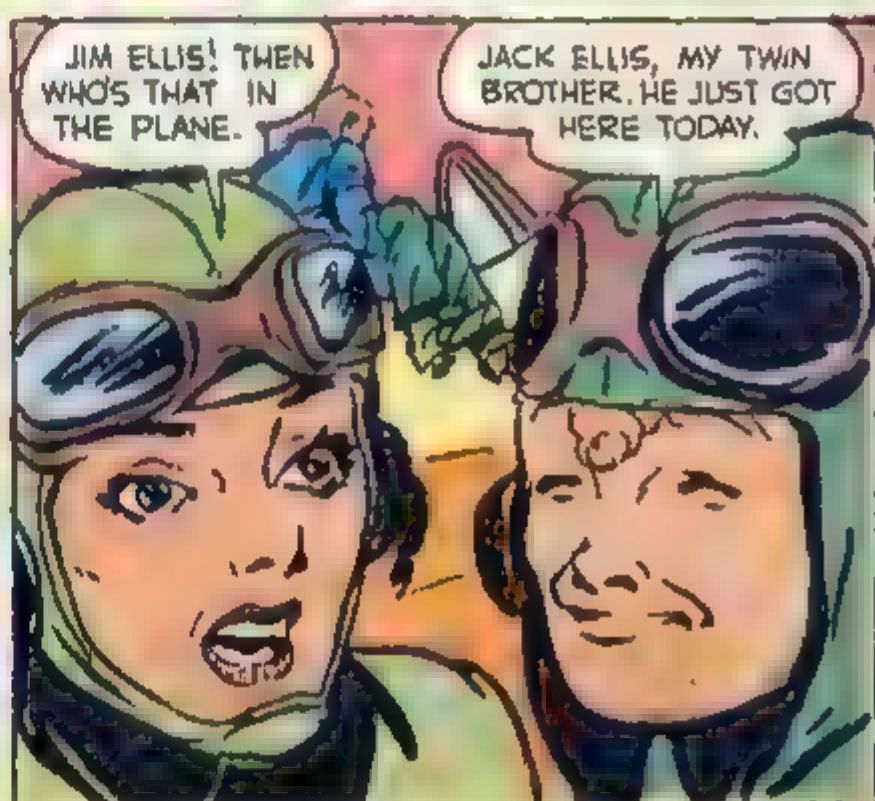
THAT'S NOT MY DOING, BUT I HAVE A NOTION WHO IT IS.

THE PLANE'S IN A DIVE!

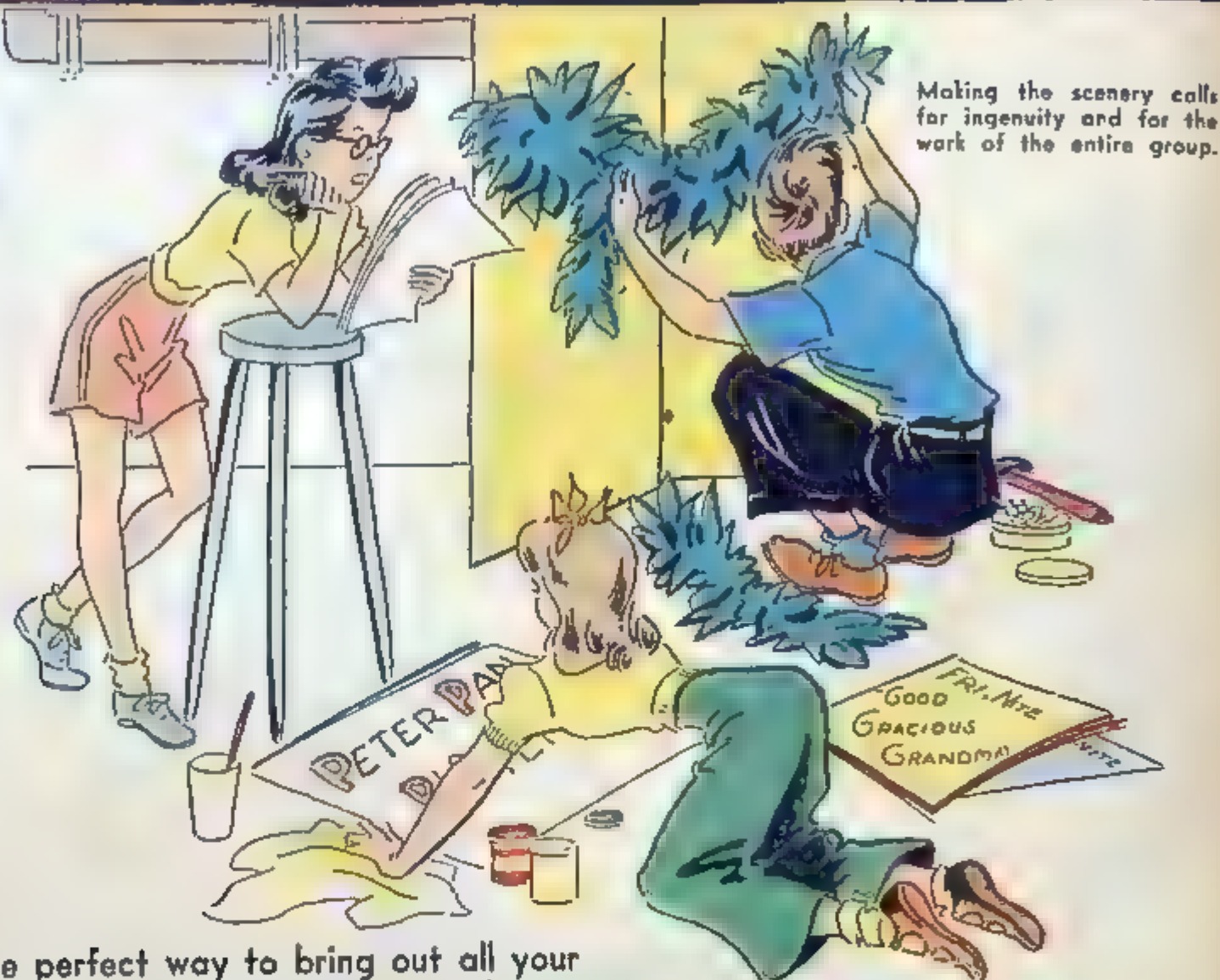
LOOK OUT! HERE THEY COME!

THEY MADE IT!

I THINK WE'D BETTER CALL OUT THE CRASH-CREW—JUST IN CASE.



By DIXIE WILLSON, Author of "Hostess of the Skyways" and "Hollywood Starlet"



Making the scenery calls for ingenuity and for the work of the entire group.

Here is the perfect way to bring out all your hidden talents and to have a wonderful time

ALL the world's a stage and all the men and women merely players." That's the way W. Shakespeare put it and, with all due respect to the venerable bard, he said a mouthful! But the world for a stage isn't enough for most of us. There isn't a girl or a boy who hasn't yearned at one time or another to "tread the boards" behind real, sparkling footlights. And why not? Did you ever think of getting this yen out of your system? If you have, "the show's the thing!" You'll have a whale of a good time, you'll give others a good time, too, and you'll be amazed at all the odd bits of information and skills you'll pick up in the process. But don't make the mistake of thinking that

giving a show is all fun. It means a lot of faithful work if you are to turn out a play which is really smooth.

Of course, your first move is to make up a company. Some fifteen people will be about the right number for a real production, and the most congenial plan is for each actor also to be an executive. But if you decide upon this plan, be sure that the persons who have the most to do as executives play the least important roles (and the other way around). And it is most important that all your people will really be willing to work to make the play a success.

Once your company is organized, you will probably wish to name it. Here are a few sug-

gestions: Peter Pan Players, The Stardusters, Junior Players, The Curtain Callers.

As to the executives and their duties:

The producer and business manager will be in full charge, will hunt up places where the show might be given and, when the group has decided on a place, will get the proper permission to have it there. You don't need a real theater to put on your show. A good basement or garage can be transformed into a theater or, if your show is a modest one, a large living room will serve.

The treasurer and advertising manager will keep account of expenses and money returns, if any, and will pay any bills just as soon as the show is over.

As advertising manager, this same executive will help artistic members of the group make attractive posters and handbills, and see to it that a local newspaper has all the interesting facts. This executive will also take charge of ticket selling and will appoint ushers if they are needed.

Next there must be a capable stage manager who will see that the stage is properly ready for every rehearsal and for the show. It will be a great help if the entire play takes place in one setting. But if scenes must be changed between acts, the stage manager will see that this is accomplished without commotion by the stagehands of whom your company must have at least two.

Everyone in the company should help plan and make the scenery and this calls for a little ingenuity and originality. The curtain may be any sufficiently large piece of material such as a sheet or couch cover strung upon a high wire. If a stage has to be improvised, perhaps doors into adjoining rooms may become exits and entrances, these second rooms serving as "backstage." If the setting is supposed to be out-of-doors, screens covered with boughs or green cambric will give the right effect.

It is up to the stage manager to keep things quiet backstage during the show, also to see that the curtain is properly opened and closed at exactly the right moments. (The producer may take charge of operating a victrola or making other arrangements for music between acts if any is desired.)

As soon as the play is decided on, the property man (or property woman) goes through the play and makes a list of all the articles that will be needed and assembles them. She sees that each of these things is in the right place at the right

time. To save cluttering up the wings, each of these articles should be put away as soon as it is no longer needed.

The wardrobe woman should be someone who has an eye for



There's more than memorizing to having a part in the play. To be good you have actually to "live" the part.

color and who is a demon with a needle. Plays in modern dress are simpler for amateur groups to handle and the wardrobe woman should help determine who wears what and whether colors suit the character or clash or whatever. But if you decide to venture a costume play, she will help the actors plan and carry out their costumes. Of course, she will pay special attention to anything which is borrowed and return it with thanks the moment it is no longer needed. She will see that the actors are dressed for the play and she must be depended upon to have a good supply of pins and sewing materials.

Now for the most important

executive of all, the director. She should really know something about good acting and about advising and directing the players. If your show is a small one and you want to

do everything yourselves, one of the group who is especially interested in dramatics and who knows most about it can direct. But if you want a big-time production it's a good idea to ask an experienced adult to be your director. First of all, she will hear prospective actors read the various parts, selecting players according to whoever reads each role with the best feeling. And once rehearsals begin, it is the director

who suggests how the actors shall move about the stage to enact their parts, and how various lines shall be delivered. It is the director who will set the time and place for regular rehearsals and these the actors must faithfully attend. Make the famous theatrical phrase, "The show must go on," your slogan and live up to it.

But the cast must not rely solely upon the director for suggestions.



A prompter in the wings is a safeguard against forgotten lines.



MAKE BEAUTIFUL CLOTHING DECORATIONS WITH PRESS-ON MENDING TAPE

It's so simple—no sewing or anything like that! All you need is an iron, some "Press-On" Tape, and a Press-On book which is yours for a small handling charge. Trace the designs from the book, cut them out of Press-On tape (12 colors), and with a hot iron press on to any garment in your wardrobe! IT'S WASHPROOF!



MONOGRAMS — INITIALS

Make your wardrobe look classy with monograms and initials. Trace them from the complete monogram alphabet in the Press-On wonder book.



PATRIOTIC EMBLEMS

If you have a big brother or relative fighting for Uncle Sam, wear a patriotic emblem on your sleeve or jacket! Yes, you'll find many patriotic designs in the Press-On wonder book.



DESIGNS TO MAKE CLOTHING LOOK SUPER

Make last year's dresses look like tomorrow's fashions with lovely designs for the necklines, sleeves, pockets, etc. There are over 100 pretty designs you can trace from the 64 page Press-On book.



MEND AS YOU IRON

Save time, energy, money. Advise mother to mend this new way, because it's easier, stronger, quicker than sewing. Mend rips and holes in all kinds of fabrics. Mend raincoats and rubbers too! Makes things last longer.

SPECIAL BONUS

A sample watch of Press-On Mending Tape and the 64 page wonder book "Fabric Decorating & Mending With A Hot Iron" will be sent you for a 10¢ handling cost. You'll love it and refer to it year after year. Don't delay, make today.



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ALL DIME STORES
and good department, grocery,
drug, stationery stores.

SEND THIS COUPON and 10¢ to
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Dept. G4, 16 W. 61st St., New York City

PRINT YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS ON A
SEPARATE PIECE OF PAPER.

Cash 10¢ to Press-On, Inc.

Each player should read her part over and over again, for she will find that the words take on new meaning as she becomes familiar with them. Like people of the theater, she must do some real thinking about the personality and character she is to play. Also about every situation in the play, imagining herself as actually the person whose part she is playing.

While she is doing this first thinking about her part as she reads the lines over and over, she should make no attempt whatever to memorize. Forgetting all about memorizing, she will simply read and re-read the part, trying to feel herself inside the situation, actually living it. By this plan she will find that her role may be memorized almost without trying. However, she must not thus attempt to "lick" the entire play. She must work it out one scene at a time.

Your company should count on at least three weeks of rehearsals, and preferably four. The last rehearsal before the performance is the dress rehearsal, when you put on your show exactly as it will be presented before the audience, this being your last opportunity to improve details. People of the theater insist that if a dress rehearsal proves to be a series of mistakes, the real performance is sure to be perfect. This may be more wishful thinking than fact, but oddly enough it does almost always seem to work out this way.

At all rehearsals and on the night of the play as well, one of the stagehands will act as prompter, standing in the wings with a copy of the play, following it line by line, ready to prompt instantly any actor who forgets.

It isn't easy to present a play which an audience can really enjoy, but it is exacting and interesting. Here are two suggestions which will stand you in stead:

(1) You will find it helpful to have an older person act as sponsor of your group, to aid and suggest, maybe the same

person who is going to direct you.

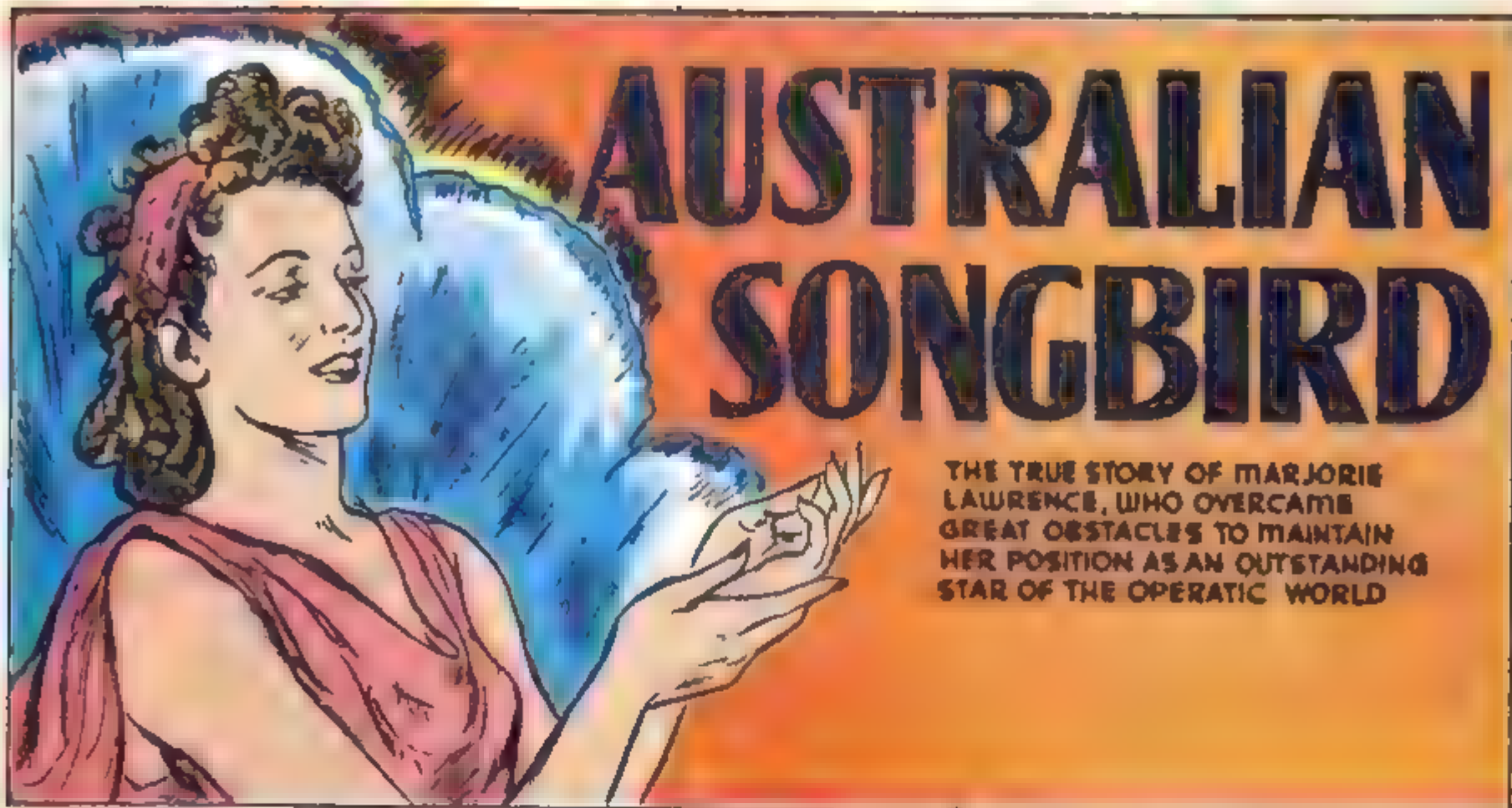
(2) Try very hard to have things well enough in hand so that the play will begin exactly at the hour advertised. And make sure it does not last over two hours, during which time there should be a five-minute intermission between Acts One and Two, and ten minutes between Acts Two and Three.

There is another great advantage in being well prepared. It is a very big help in doing away with nervousness on the part of actors and executives.

If you would like to read a book or two on how to produce a play, your librarian will give you some good suggestions. Several fine books are written for amateur theatrical companies, among them: *The Art and Craft of Play Production*, by Barnard Hewitt; *The Stage in Action*, by Samuel Selden; *Book of Play Production*, by Milton Smith.

As for the play itself—you can present an original play written by one of the members or a series of skits written by several of the members, or you can adapt a fairy tale or a favorite story to the stage. For a regular play, you can write to one of the companies that publish plays for amateurs: Samuel French, 25 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.; Dramatic Publishing Company, 59 East Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.; The Penn Play Co., 1617 Patimer St., Philadelphia, Pa.; Walter Baker, 128 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.; Banner Play Bureau, 519 Main St., Cincinnati, Ohio. Any of these, or other companies like them, will send you a free catalogue upon request. For plays of the kind you will probably want, the only cost will be the requirement that each member of the cast will purchase one copy of whatever play you give. This copy will cost about fifty cents.

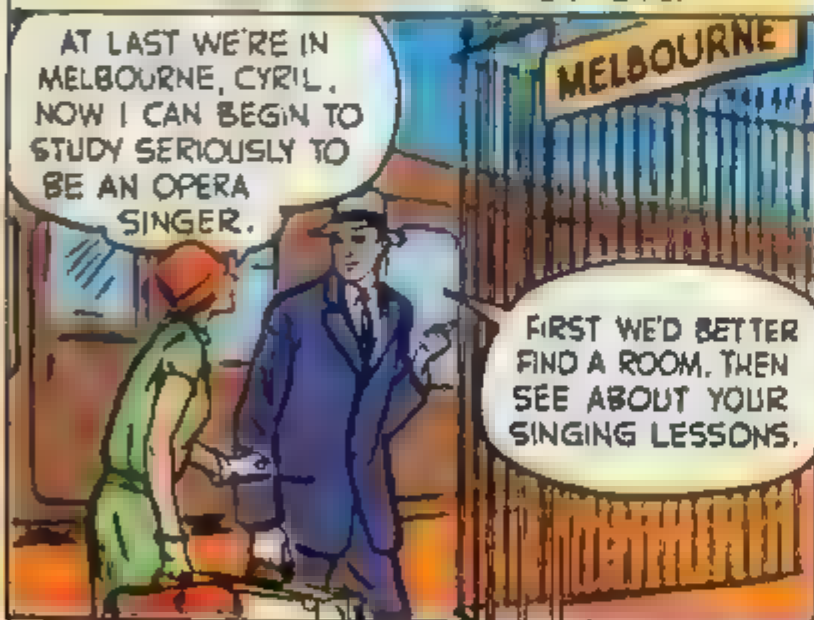
Here's luck to you as you venture into the footlight world of make-believe. And may you ring down the curtain on a well-ordered performance and the sincere applause of a truly appreciative audience!



AUSTRALIAN SONGBIRD

THE TRUE STORY OF MARJORIE LAWRENCE, WHO OVERCAME GREAT OBSTACLES TO MAINTAIN HER POSITION AS AN OUTSTANDING STAR OF THE OPERATIC WORLD

ABOUT 1921 MARJORIE AND HER BROTHER LEFT THEIR AUSTRALIAN RANCH HOME.



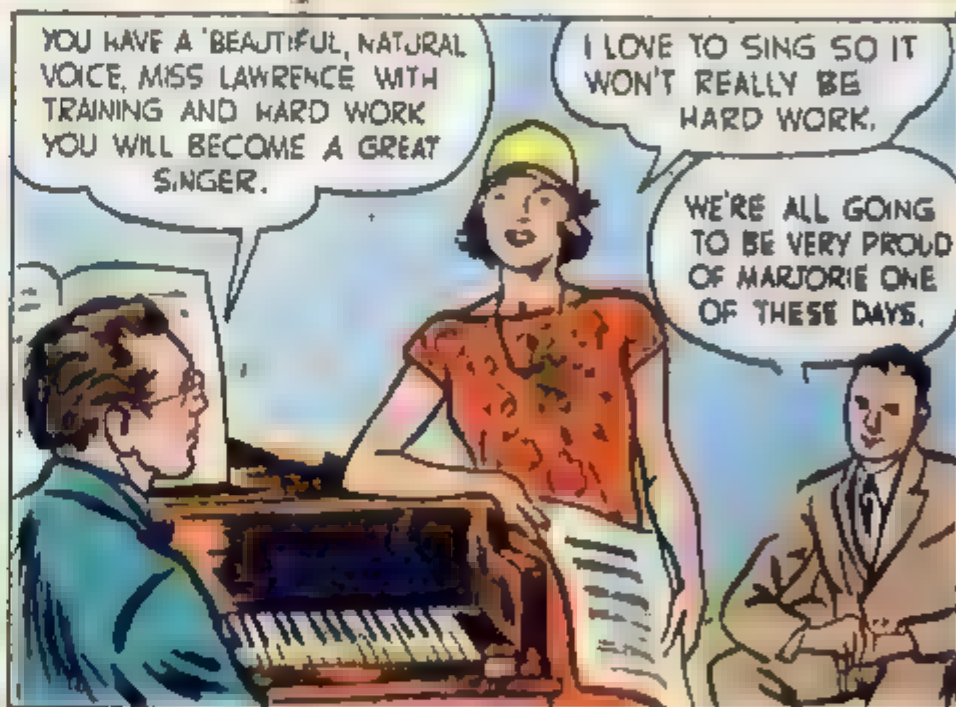
AT LAST WE'RE IN MELBOURNE, CYRIL. NOW I CAN BEGIN TO STUDY SERIOUSLY TO BE AN OPERA SINGER.

FIRST WE'D BETTER FIND A ROOM. THEN SEE ABOUT YOUR SINGING LESSONS.

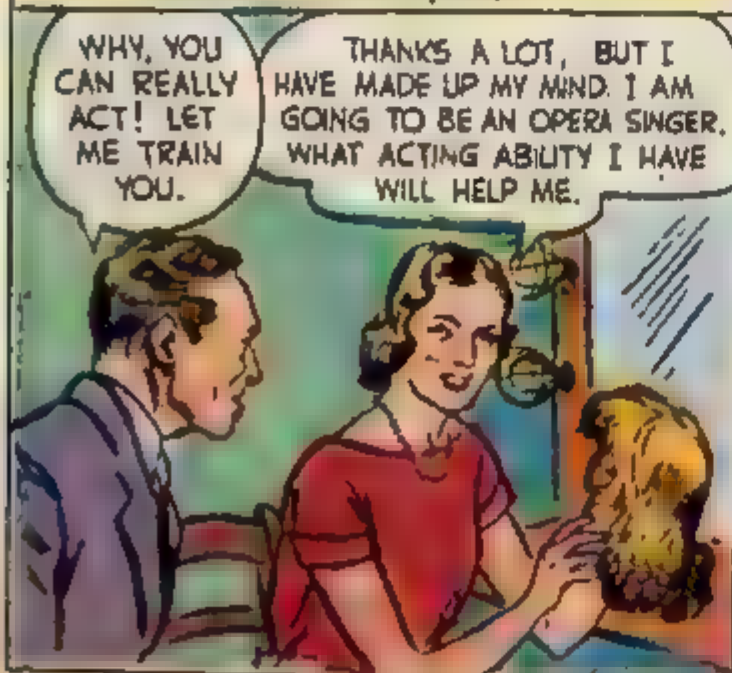
YOU HAVE A 'BEAUTIFUL, NATURAL VOICE, MISS LAWRENCE WITH TRAINING AND HARD WORK YOU WILL BECOME A GREAT SINGER.

I LOVE TO SING SO IT WON'T REALLY BE HARD WORK.

WE'RE ALL GOING TO BE VERY PROUD OF MARJORIE ONE OF THESE DAYS.



MARJORIE FOUND TIME TO JOIN A DRAMATIC CLUB, TOO.



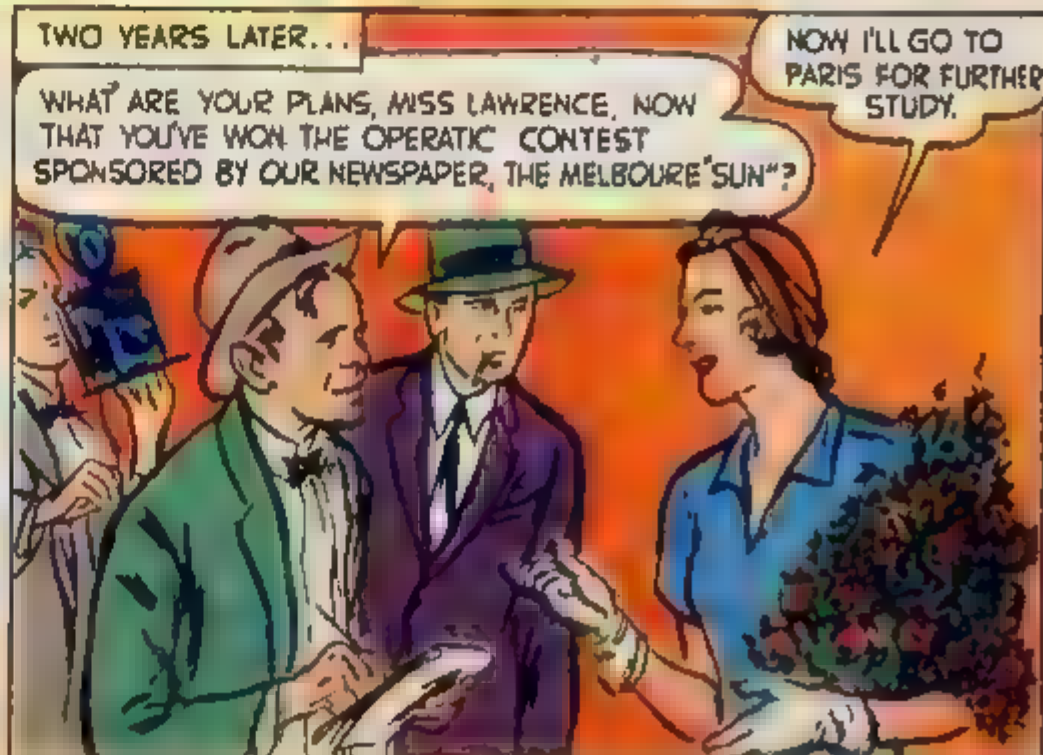
WHY, YOU CAN REALLY ACT! LET ME TRAIN YOU.

THANKS A LOT, BUT I HAVE MADE UP MY MIND. I AM GOING TO BE AN OPERA SINGER. WHAT ACTING ABILITY I HAVE WILL HELP ME.

TWO YEARS LATER...

WHAT ARE YOUR PLANS, MISS LAWRENCE, NOW THAT YOU'VE WON THE OPERATIC CONTEST SPONSORED BY OUR NEWSPAPER, THE MELBOURNE 'SUN'?

NOW I'LL GO TO PARIS FOR FURTHER STUDY.



IN 1932, AFTER THREE YEARS OF STUDY IN PARIS...

THEY'RE GIVING "TANNHÄUSER" TONIGHT WITH A NEW SOPRANO IN THE PART OF ELIZABETH

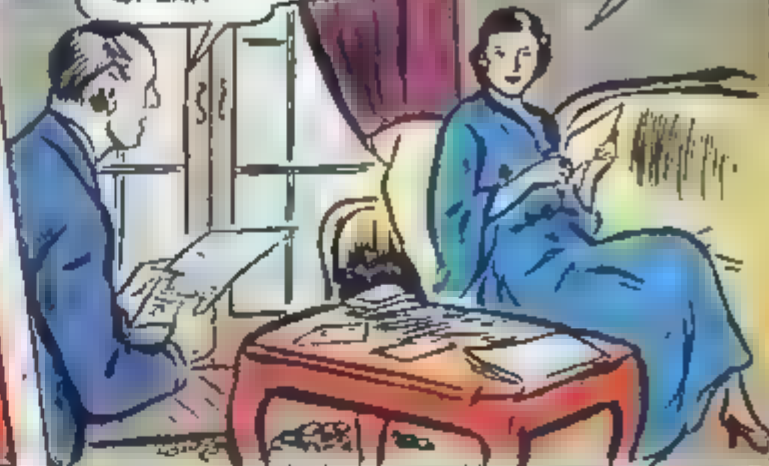
SHE'S AN AUSTRALIAN SINGER, MARJORIE LAWRENCE SHE'S MAKING HER OPERA DEBUT



THE FOLLOWING DAY...

YOU WERE MAGNIFICENT! AND LOOK! HERE IS A THREE-YEAR CONTRACT TO SING WITH THE PARIS OPERA

MY FIRST CONTRACT... NOW I'M ON MY WAY! HOW WONDERFUL!



THREE DAYS BEFORE A SCHEDULED PERFORMANCE OF "LOHENGRIN" BY THE PARIS OPERA COMPANY.

THE ROLE OF ORTRUD MUST BE FILLED. DO YOU THINK YOU CAN SING IT, MISS LAWRENCE?

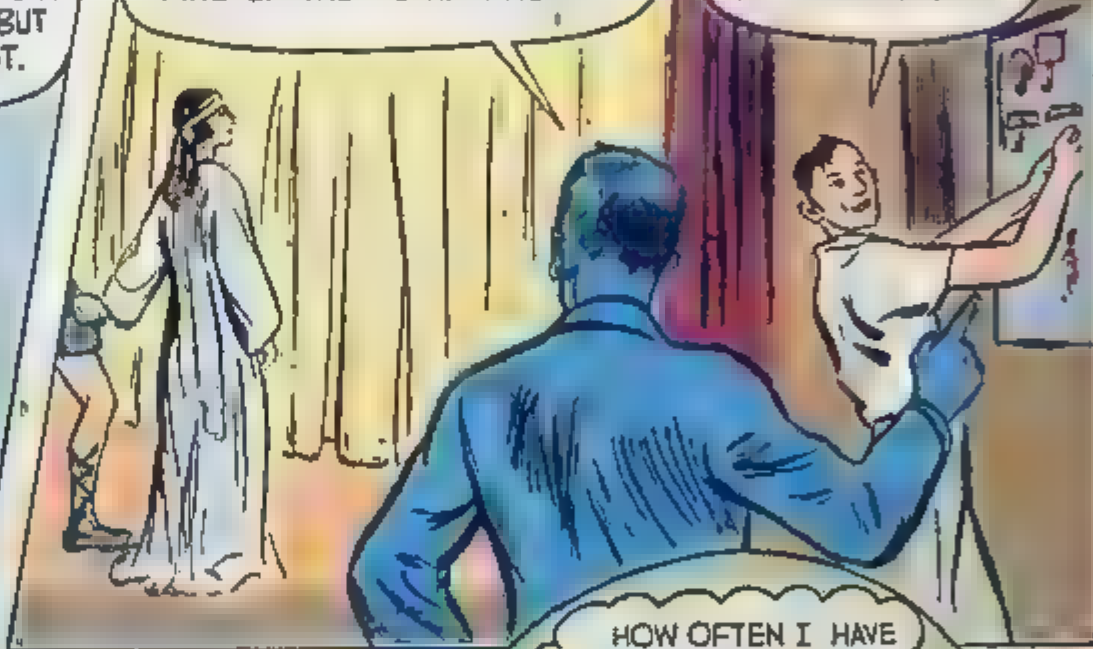
I HAVE NEVER SUNG THE PART AND IT'S A CONTRALTO ROLE, BUT I'LL DO MY BEST.



AND HER BEST WAS VERY GOOD.

SHE'S THE GREATEST ORTRUD IN THE HISTORY OF THE PARIS OPERA! RING UP THE CURTAIN AGAIN

SHE'S STOPPED THE SHOW AND IT'S ONLY THE SECOND ACT!



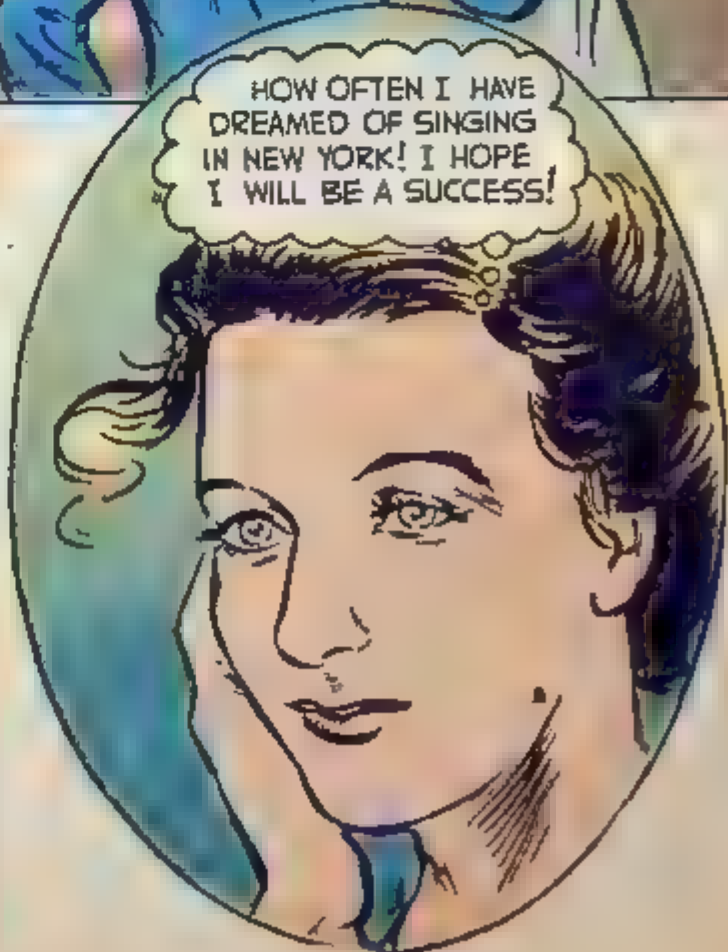
IN 1935...

THERE'S MARJORIE LAWRENCE SHE MUST BE GOING TO NEW YORK TO SING, AT THE METROPOLITAN. I HEARD SHE HAD A CONTRACT.

SHE LOOKS SO YOUNG TO HAVE MADE SUCH A SUCCESS. IN PARIS EVERYBODY IS TALKING ABOUT HER.



HOW OFTEN I HAVE DREAMED OF SINGING IN NEW YORK! I HOPE I WILL BE A SUCCESS!



THAT LAWRENCE IS A SCOOP! NOT ONLY DOES SHE SING MAGNIFICENTLY, BUT SHE ACTS, TOO!

AND SHE'S ONLY 26 - THE YOUNGEST STAR AT THE MET

WHEN SHE PLAYED BRUNNHILDE IN THE OPERA, "GOTTERDAMMERUNG"...

BUT EVERY PREVIOUS SINGER HAS ALWAYS LED THE HORSE OFF THE STAGE

I THEN ILL BE DIFFERENT! BRUNNHILDE IS SUPPOSED TO RIDE HER HORSE, SO I'M GOING TO RIDE!

LAWRENCE CAN CERTAINLY DO A LOT OF THINGS. AS SALOME LAST WEEK SHE DID THE DANCE OF THE SEVEN VEILS HERSELF.

SHE'S MARVELOUS SHE CAUGHT ALL THE EMOTION AND GRACE IN THE DANCE.

ONE OF THE GIRLS FROM THE BALLET CORPS HAS DANCED THAT FOR THE OTHER STARS.

AN OPERA SINGER SHOULD PLAY HER ROLE AS WELL AS SING IT.

AFTER HER FIRST SEASON WITH THE METROPOLITAN..

ARE YOU MAKING ANY CONCERT PLANS, MISS LAWRENCE?

I'M GOING TO TOUR THE UNITED STATES, SOUTH AMERICA, AND CANADA.

AND THE TOUR WAS A GREAT SUCCESS AT THE COLON OPERA IN BUENOS AIRES...

BRAVO!

MAGNIFICO!

BACK WITH THE OPERA AGAIN, AFTER A PERFORMANCE IN ST. LOUIS...

BUT I RUSHED HERE FROM MY PERFORMANCE. I MUST CATCH THAT TRAIN FOR MY NEXT ENGAGEMENT!

WE'LL HAVE THE TRAIN WAIT FOR YOU AT THE NEXT STATION.

HURRY, MISS LAWRENCE. WE'LL GET A TAXI.

MY GOODNESS, A HOLD-UP!

NO, IT'S THE OPERA SINGER, MISS MARJORIE LAWRENCE!

MARJORIE WAS ENTERTAINED IN MANY CITIES WHERE SHE SANG.

I LOVE CONCERT TOURING.

YOU'VE TRAVELED SO MUCH AND DONE SUCH FINE WORK FOR ONE SO YOUNG.

PEOPLE MAKE A MISTAKE WHEN THEY SAY YOUTH SHOULDN'T ATTACK BIG THINGS.

IN JUNE, 1941, AFTER HER MARRIAGE TO DR THOMAS KING...

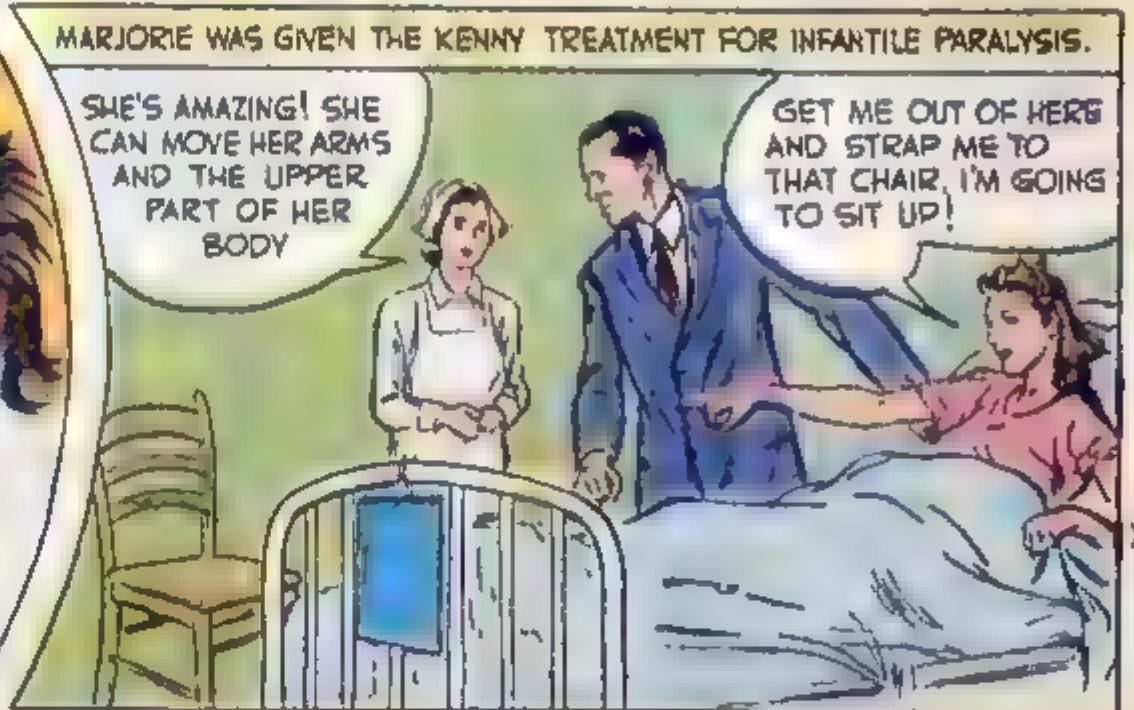
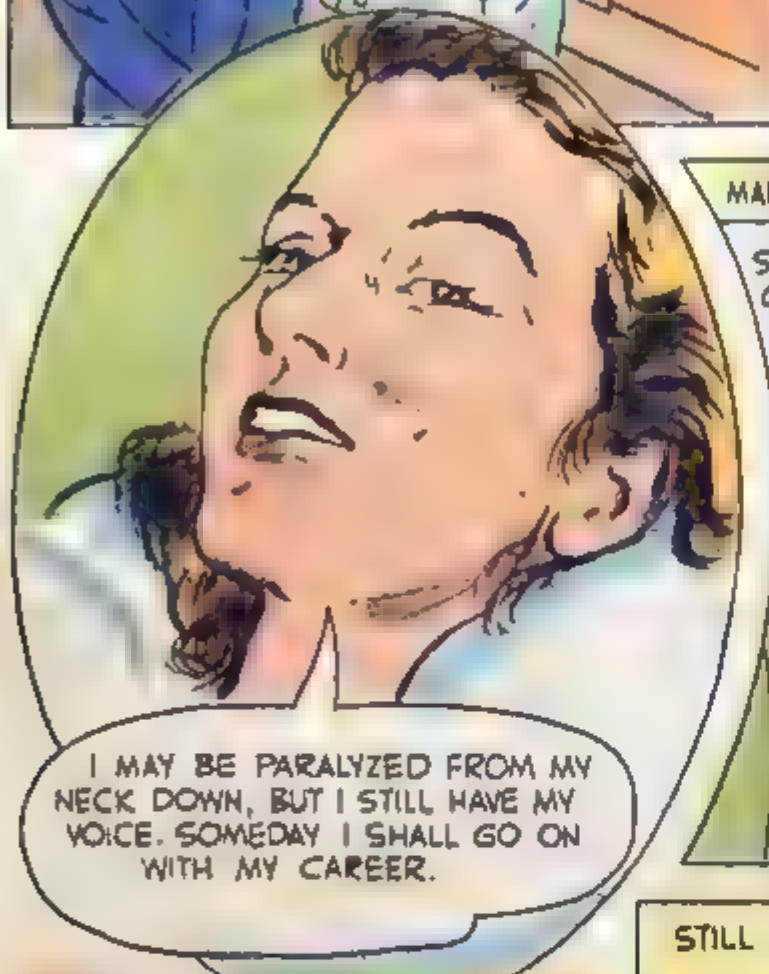
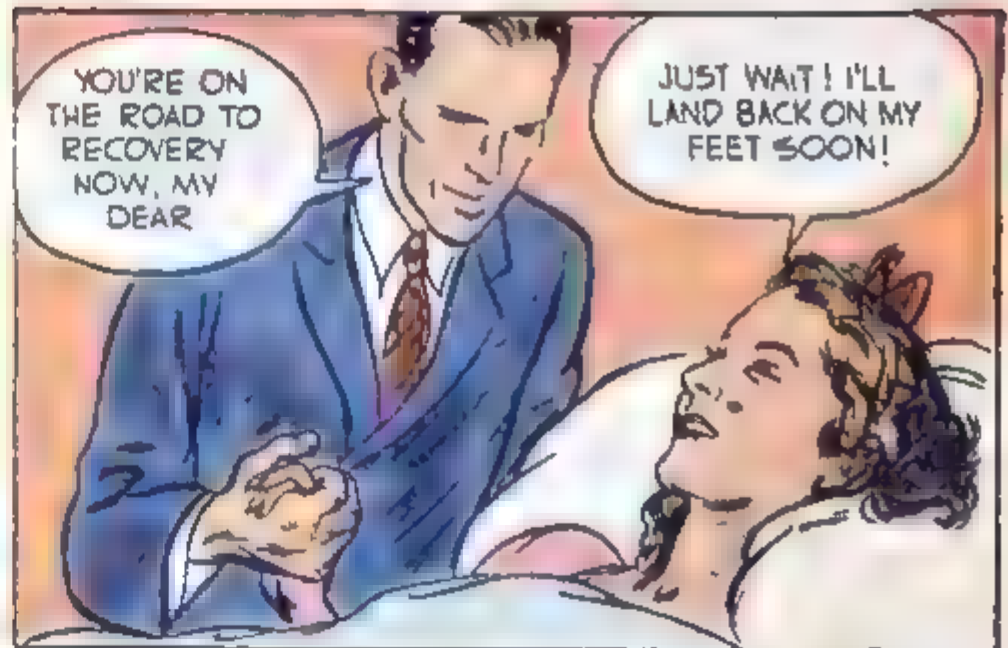
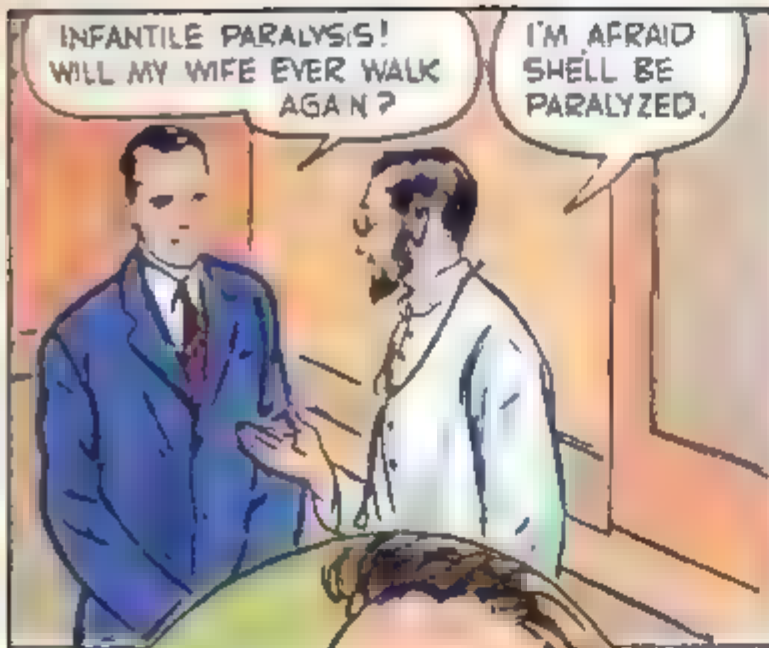
HERE ARE THE TICKETS. ARRANGEMENTS HAVE BEEN MADE FOR YOU TO SING IN THE OPERA IN MEXICO, MARJORIE.

A HONEYMOON AND A PERFORMANCE IN ONE TRIP! THIS IS SOMETHING NEW!

BUT THE HONEYMOON ENDED IN A TRAGEDY.

IT'S THAT AUSTRALIAN OPERA SINGER, MARJORIE LAWRENCE. WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HER?

I DON'T KNOW





A MESSAGE WAS READ AT A DINNER GIVEN FOR MARJORIE AT TOWN HALL IN NEW YORK

Mirrored in your great victory for many years to come, those beset with burdens and harassed with handicaps will see the glory and satisfaction of the good fight - well won.

From an old veteran to a young recruit my message to you is "Carry on."

Cordially yours,

Franklin D. Roosevelt

I HAVE ALWAYS BELIEVED THAT IF YOU WANT TO DO A THING ENOUGH WITH ALL YOUR HEART AND SOUL, NOTHING CAN STOP YOU. AND I WILL GO ON BELIEVING IT.



YOU, TOO, CAN BE MORE BEAUTIFUL-CHARMING and POPULAR!

At Once!



"What has 'she' got that I haven't?"—Do you often ask yourself this question, wondering why some girls are popular and happy while others are lonesome and depressed? Here's the secret of popularity—you must "highlight" and dramatize your strong points, and hide your weak ones. When you learn how to do this, you have learned the "inside story" of a girl's success!

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Part of Contents

SECTION I—WHAT YOU CAN DO TO IMPROVE YOURSELF

1. How to take care of your skin.
2. Professional Make-up Tricks.
3. Secrets of Smart Hair-Styling.
4. Hands can tell a tale; manicuring.
5. Your feet should be admired.
6. Carriage, posture, walking, acquiring grace and ease.
7. Do you sit correctly?
8. What you should weigh.
9. Table of Average Weights.
10. If you are fat, how to reduce safely, easily.
11. If you are thin, putting on weight.
12. Does one have to exercise?
13. Assuring personal cleanliness and hygiene; check list.
14. Take care of your teeth.
15. How much sleep do you need?
16. She Walks in Beauty.
17. When is a girl smartly dressed? Knows her type—never overdressed—never conscious of clothes—yet with certain verve and dash.
18. How to effect certain optical illusions to appear taller or shorter, thinner or rounder.
19. If you are very short, here is what you can do; fabrics, colors, types and clothes to wear; accessories. Actions and manners, too.
20. How to dress if you are very tall.
21. If you are stout, besides trying to lose weight, here's what else to do and not to do. Don't wear tight clothes, tiny hats, small things. Here are best colors, fabrics, styles for you!
22. The normal figure woman; how to select the most becoming clothes; What goes with what.
23. Building your wardrobe, plan—don't plunge. Building around what you need most, adding endless variety.
24. Accessories are important relating to several costumes.
25. Six rules for being well-groomed.
26. What men don't like in women's clothes or grooming.
27. How to achieve that well-dressed appearance that makes people notice you.

SECTION II—WHAT TO DO TO IMPROVE YOUR RELATIONS WITH OTHERS

28. How to meet people in cordial and poised manner—when to shake hands, what to say.
29. What a smile can do; laughter.
30. Adding interest to your voice.
31. Looking at other people with open mind.
32. Your troubles are your own; don't spread your woes.
33. The art of conversation. Don't be a tangent talker, omit the terrible details; brevity still soul of wit.
34. Nothing duller than walking encyclopedia; insert own opinions and ideas; avoid useless chatter.
35. How to be interesting talker.
36. Listen with mind as well as ears.
37. Do people like you more as time goes on?
38. How to overcome shyness and self-consciousness.
39. How to develop physical and mental appeal.
40. Having a good time at a party.
41. When dining out, two or a crowd, formal or casual.
42. How are your telephone manners?
43. Write the sort of letters you would like to receive.
44. Shopping, pleasure or ordeal?
45. Manners and clothes of yesterday compared to those of today.
46. Don't be a martyr; type! out of fashion to enjoy poor health, or sacrifice life for children, parents, etc.
47. The wishy-washy dear is burden to herself and others; let people know your likes and dislikes.
48. How to handle the question of money matters.
49. Help, help, what's the answer? Should you let prospective beau take you to 55c theatre seats or to orchestra only? Does he fail to bring flowers because he is stingy, thoughtless or impoverished? When he asks you where to go, should you name a tea room or an expensive supper club? When he asks you what you want for a gift, should you say, "nothing" or "Guerlain's Perfume"? etc., etc.
50. How to make yourself popular and sought after.
51. Charm is like a beautiful dress. It can be acquired. Discover your faults and eliminate them—emphasize all your good qualities.

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